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THE POLITICAL PROBLEM.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 15, 1876.

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LADY SILVERDALE'S SWEETHEART,

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"THE MACHINE."

UNDER our system of government, which is carried on by parties, there must necessarily be a great deal of time, labor, and money devoted to the details of organization. This implies mutual knowledge and co-operation among those who are active in politics, and all of it results in what is called "the machine." Our system of the civil service, which is the worst in the world, gives those who hold the offices a selfish, personal interest in party success, and, as the class of the community most vitally and immediately concerned in party advantage, they naturally come into control of "the machine." They maintain political communications with every part of the State. They know to whom to address themselves for any purpose, and upon whom to depend. They control primary meetings and county and State conventions, and thus a very few men direct, in a great degree, the party nominations and policy, and, indeed, the whole party action. The discipline which can be thus enforced is immense and evident. Every young man who has an earnest and sincere desire to take part in public affairs, to be placed upon a committee, to go to the Assembly or to a convention, is taught that he must secure the support of the managers, that is to say, of "the machine;" and that support has one condition, which is the reciprocal support of the aspirant. "The machine" thus becomes a close corporation of undeniable power, and the head of which is naturally the one who has the strongest influence over appointments. Its working is perfectly illustrated by a little private incident in the late Republican Convention of New York. A delegate who voted with the minority was accosted by a government officer in high position, who said to him, simply, "I observe that you are on record against Mr. Conkling." That was all. There was no question of the principles of the party or of its interests; no admission of the right of independent judgment. But the few words revealed the whole system. It was an intimation that "the machine" would remember who were its friends and who were its foes, and punish and reward accordingly.

This is a situation in which the real sentiment and movement of a party have little chance to be known or respected unless they are overwhelming. It is a system under which the government passes in a great measure from the hands of the people to a certain class whose motive is not patriotic, but personal. This class is unquestionably held in check by its estimate of the real force and tendency of public opinion in the party, as was shown in the New York Republican Convention of 1875, the interior history of which is an exceedingly instructive chapter in political annals. It is enough to say that the real Republican hostility of the State to a third term, and its dissatisfaction with certain tendencies of the national Administration, the expression of which had been suppressed in 1874 at Utica, were firmly declared in 1875 at Saratoga, with the acquiescence of the managers, or "the machine." What result those gentlemen then anticipated in the election may be a matter of speculation. But the result accomplished was the reduction of the Democratic majority of the previous year from about fifty thousand to about three thousand, if the temperance vote be deducted, and this, too, in the height of Governor Tilden's popularity as a "reformer," which was so great that some tried Republicans did not hesitate to call themselves, for purposes of canal reform, "Tilden Republicans." Thus the question of reform within a party is substantially a question of the ability of the managers to discern the signs of the times. There was no trouble at Saratoga in 1875: it was one of the smoothest, most harmonious, and most satisfactory Republican Conventions that ever assembled in the State, because the managers wisely decided—for what reasons we are not now concerned to inquire—that it was best to swim with the current. A similar perception of the strength of currents, and the same decision not to resist, upon the part of the gentlemen who control the national Republican "machine," would produce the most happy results in the approaching Presidential election.

We do not deny the necessity or the power of party organization. If the true welfare of the country is to be promoted in the election of this year, it will be by means of a party. Even if there should be a formidable secession from either party upon any ground, the secession would instantly organize itself as a party. Mr. Seelye was elected in Massachusetts to the present Congress against the regularly nominated candidates of both parties. But he was elected by another party, the Seelye party, improvised for the occasion. That is merely to say that his friends combined and acted in concert, and that is a party. Republicans, or citizens who have always preferred the Republican party as upon the whole the most patriotic, the most intelligent, and the most truly conservative of those things that good men wish to preserve and promote, will gladly and universally and triumphantly support the Republican Presidential candidate—if the managers are wise. A delegate in the Syracuse Convention, just before embarking upon the eagle in his loftiest flight, asked, disdainfully, whether the majority should yield to the minority. Of course not, in a final decision upon any point which the majority can enforce. But it must never be forgotten by a politician who would be thought shrewd that it is always a minority which makes a majority; that is to say, it is one vote out of twenty votes which determines the eleven that constitute a majority of twenty. Whatever alienates or attracts that one vote, settles the result. This is the force of a minority which is not always considered by the managers. It is a perpetual force, under certain circumstances, and must not be disregarded in a determined game of politics. It is sometimes said that the friends of Mr. Conkling, having shown themselves a majority in the late State Convention, can defeat in the State any candidate who should not be acceptable to him. But is that a wise threat, or would it be a judicious policy? Is it not, in fact, a game at which two can play? It is certainly not impossible that the friends of Mr. Conkling might defeat in this State any Republican candidate. But is it any less true that, in a State which is now held by the Democrats, a very small Republican minority, supposing the opponents of Mr. Conkling's nomination to be such, might also prevent Republican success?

We are very far from thinking that either the majority or the minority, whoever they may be, desire any thing else than an honest Republican success. Indeed, those who have incautiously suggested that the majority might defeat a candidate not acceptable to Senator Conkling forget that it is those who claim to be the majority who so strenuously urge sacrifice for the sake of the party. If Republican New York in 1860, when Mr. Seward was virtually its enthusiastically unanimous candidate, and when it was led by so skillful and devoted a friend of Mr. Seward as Mr. Weed, forgot its disappointment and gave a majority of fifty thousand for Mr. Lincoln, it is hardly likely in 1876 to sacrifice itself to any merely personal disappointment. And "the machine" itself is certainly more interested in maintaining the ascendency of the party, even with a candidate distasteful to it, than in gratifying the private feelings of any individual. If the managers of "the machine" read the signs of the times correctly, they will see that the real demand of the Republican masses of the country is a candidate who will unite in his enthusiastic support all who require a radical change in the general tone and methods of administration, as well as a sound Southern and financial policy, and they will see distinctly that "the machine" alone can not secure the victory that honest Republicans desire.

PREPARATIONS FOR CINCINNATI.

The action of the Pennsylvania Republican Convention was very significant. It recalled irresistibly General Nye's dry remark during the session of the Chicago Nominating Convention of 1860, "Pennsylvany is always ready for a trade." If the Republicans of the Key-stone State do not like the story, let them look at the action of their Convention. It instructed the national delegation unitedly to support General Hartranft as a candidate, and to cast the vote of Pennsylvania upon all questions before the Convention as a majority of the delegates shall direct. All the reports agree that none of the delegates suppose that General Hartranft will receive the nomination. The object of the instruction, then, is not to secure that result. But Pennsylvania casts fifty-eight votes—more votes than any State except New York. These fifty-eight are to be thrown for a merely nominal candidate, and always as a unit. The purpose is evident. When it is plain that General Hartranft must be withdrawn, there will be fifty-eight votes to be thrown solid for some other candidate. It is understood that Mr. Simon Cameron will control the majority, and the majority are to command the vote. What was it that General Nye said at Chicago? Let us suppose that the New York Convention had taken similar action. The seventy votes of New York would in that case have been cast as a unit in the National Convention. They would, in the same way, have been at the disposition of Mr. Conkling. The whole number of delegates in the Cincinnati Convention is, we believe, 754, of which 378 are a majority. Mr. Cameron and Mr. Conkling would then have controlled 128 votes of that majority. It is not too much to say that they could have named the candidate. Under all the circumstances, would it have been wise for Republican New York to place herself in that position?

If the vote between candidates should be very close, let us see what the possible operation of the Pennsylvania action might be. Of the fifty-eight votes, thirty are a majority. Under the resolution of the State Convention, the thirty will control the twenty-eight. Yet the twenty-eight votes, if thrown according to the choice of the Pennsylvania delegates who cast them, might, if added to other votes in the National Convention, select the candidate. The Pennsylvania instruction, therefore, may enable Mr. Simon Cameron to defeat the will of the national Republican party. And what is the professed object of such a scheme? It is to give the State what is called its due weight in the Nominating Convention. And what does that mean? It means that the State which casts a large electoral vote should announce for whom it is sure that it can cast it. That is the plausible plea. But what becomes of it when the State names a candidate for whom it is well known that it does not expect to vote? The real meaning then appears, which is that certain persons hope by controlling the State vote to be able to make profitable political bargains for themselves or their friends. The object is not the glory or the influence of the State, but of a very few persons who use the State and its prestige for their own advantage. The assertion that a great State ought to dictate the nomination has been frequently made in New York, and it is worth considering, for the sake of showing its fallacy. Would the country and the Republican cause necessarily have gained if New York had succeeded in carrying the nomination of Mr. Seward in 1860? Has Illinois derived any peculiar advantage from the Presidency of General Grant? If a great State is doubtful, and its vote may be decisive, and there is one of its citizens so signally representative of the best principle and purpose of the party that it is eagerly unanimous for him, and it is plain that his nomination would arouse a resistless moral enthusiasm in his support, then, indeed, such a State would have a right to speak warmly and to be heard attentively, not indeed for itself, but for the cause. Yet if the remark that this or that State ought "to have a candidate" be carefully probed, it will be found that the real significance is that in the State from which the candidate is taken there will naturally be more official chances and drippings. The united vote of Pennsylvania, we are told, will probably secure—not a nomination which will inspire every patriotic American and sweep the country, but—a place in the cabinet for a Pennsylvanian. And thus again it is seen not to be a high and generous State pride that makes the claim, but the most selfish personal interest.

The significant point in the action of the Vermont Convention was that while its president declared that "a clear departure from Grantism" was not the demand of the party, the committee on resolutions refused to report a resolution sent on from Washington by Senator Edmunds commending the President and thanking him for declining a third term. Vermont sends an uninstructed delegation to Cincinnati, and demands candidates who shall be men of tried integrity, who will carry out the policy of reform, and preserve inviolate the great results of the war. That, as we understand, is the real Republican platform. The Ohio Convention presented the name of General Hayes for the nomination at Cincinnati, instructing the State delegates and requesting the district delegates to spare no efforts to secure his success. It also thanked the President for his fidelity to Republican principles and for his distinguished services in the field and the cabinet.

The Republican action thus far in regard to the Cincinnati Convention is as follows: The Republican members of the Maine Legislature have unanimously presented the name of Mr. Blaine, and Maine has 14 votes in the Convention. Wisconsin has 20 votes, and its Convention has unanimously expressed its preference of Mr. Blaine, but without instructions. Indiana, with 30 votes, has unanimously named Mr. Morton, without instructions. New York by a two-thirds vote has presented the name of Mr. Conkling, without instructions. Pennsylvania, with 58 votes, unanimously sends a pledged delegation for General Hartranft. Ohio, with 44 votes, unanimously instructs and requests for Governor Hayes. The Territory of Wyoming, with 2 votes, unanimously instructs for Bristow. Texas and Mississippi, with 16 votes each, Connecticut, with 12, Vermont, with 10, Rhode Island, with 8, and the District of Columbia, with 2, name no candidate. Thus far the signs point to a truly independent Convention, as every Republican Convention should be.

THE REJECTION OF MR. DANA.

The probable rejection of Mr. Dana as minister to England undoubtedly pleases Mr. William Beach Lawrence, Senator Cameron, General Butler, Senator Morton, and the Democratic party, but it is a very grave misfortune for the country and for Republicans who have been rejoicing at the better signs of the times. The charge of literary "piracy" and perjury has been effectually disposed of. The question in controversy concerning the notes to Wheaton's work is entirely one of legal technicality, and not one which involves honorable character; and that seems to have been conceded by Messrs. Cameron and Morton, the most pertinacious assailants of Mr. Dana, who rested their opposition to him mainly upon his letter to Senator Boutwell. That letter we subjoin, with a preliminary word. Mr. Dana, an American of the highest character and ability, an original Republican of the best type, was nominated as minister to England amidst heartier applause than has greeted any nomination ever made by General Grant. The nomination was accepted both in this country and in England as proof of the return of the Administration to wiser counsels and a course which would recover the party sympathy that it had alienated. The instant the nomination was made, Mr. Lawrence and General Butler, two bitter personal enemies of Mr. Dana, appeared before the Senate committee, and upon their statement alone, without requesting Mr. Dana to explain, the committee asked the President to withdraw the nomination. Upon learning these facts, and the gross insult thus wantonly offered him by his own political friends, Mr. Dana wrote the following letter. It is the letter of a truly high-minded man, and we do not believe that there is one of his friends or one honorable man of any party in the country who is not glad that he wrote it:

"Boston, *March* 16, 1876.

"*To Hon. George S. Boutwell:*

"Dear Sir,—When I first heard that charges were to be made against me before the committee, my impulse was to demand a hearing, and I asked you to do so, but in my telegram of the 14th I said that if the question was upon my general fitness, I had nothing to say; but I could not believe that a committee would listen to charges affecting my honor from antagonists and decide adversely to me without offering some opportunity of explanation. I was careful not to ask for a hearing, but only to express my belief that no committee would act adversely to me on an *ex-parte* hearing. I did not then know what the committee had done, but only heard rumors that they had heard or intended to hear my antagonists. This morning I learn the facts authentically for the first time. I learn that the committee did give a secret *ex-parte* hearing to two men known to be my enemies on personal grounds, and on that hearing alone came to an adverse decision and acted upon it. They had no intention of seeking information from me or my friends. They committed themselves to that decision, and requested the President to withdraw my nomination, with the understanding that if he did not, they should report adversely. I understand that it is only upon the urgent request of persons entitled to their attention, who have set before them the unfairness of their action, that they have consented to let the matter lie over until Tuesday that I may be heard if I wish to be. The committee has never addressed me, but only made it known to others that I may appear before them if I desire to. I understand further that the objections made before the committee partly related to party politics, but mainly, perhaps, to charges made by my antagonist in a private civil action.

"I trust, my dear Mr. Boutwell, that you know me well enough to know that I shall not ask to be heard before the committee under such circumstances. I value highly the honor of the office tendered to me, and am grateful to the Government for the distinguished compliment. When I saw the surprising unanimity, and I may even say enthusiasm, with which it was received by the press and the public, altogether the most gratifying thing I ever experienced, I will say to you frankly that it removed every doubt arising out of my private circumstances, and that I determined to accept the office; but there is nothing in the gift of the Government which would induce me to go to Washington and submit a question touching my honor to a committee which has taken the course which has been taken by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. I do not wish my nomination withdrawn under the circumstances. It would not be with-

drawn with my assent. If the Senate reject it under the present circumstances, I trust I shall not fail of the grace to submit with equanimity. You may make what use of this letter you think judicious.

"Yours very truly, Richard H. Dana, Jun."

Mr. Cameron and Mr. Morton are of opinion that this is an ill-tempered letter, and that so irascible a gentleman is wholly unfit to represent his country in England. On the other hand, Messrs. Edmunds, Frelinghuysen, Howe, and Dawes think that a gentleman who resents with dignity so gross an insult is not for that reason an unworthy American representative. The country and Republican sentiment agree with them. Mr. Dana and every honorable Republican will remember that the Senate which, it is said, will reject him confirmed Billings. For Mr. Dana himself to have written the letter is, under the circumstances, a greater honor than to be minister to England, while, in defeating him, Mr. Cameron and Mr. Morton have dealt another blow at Republican ascendency.

A SENSIBLE DEMOCRAT.

"Why, Sir, what sort of an army would you have if every officer in it, from the commanding general down to the lowest corporal, were dependent for his position and promotion upon the amount of influence he could bring to the party, the number of votes he could give to the party, upon his subservience to the will of the party? That army would speedily descend from its high position, and become a profligate, an intriguing, a disorganized, dissolute political mob. And so long as the army of revenue officers shall be the slaves of party, these officers will drag down your service and the reputation of your government into the slimy pools of political contests and of party corruptions."

These are the words of Senator Gordon, of Georgia, a Democrat, and they are as true as from a Democratic source they are unexpected. It is rather humiliating, as we recently suggested, that the three Republican Senators who replied to him could think of nothing more cogent to say than that exrebels ought not to lecture Union men, and that such principles were monarchical. We agree that ex-rebels should not lecture Union men. But that improvement of General Gordon's speech was mainly inferential. The real point of his remarks was the necessity of a reasonable agency for revenue collections. The principle of such an agency he borrowed from the last national Republican platform, and instead of welcoming so significant a recruit and rejoicing over his repentance, the Senators were content to brand him as an ex-rebel and a monarchist.

But if General Gordon's proposition was monarchical, then the Republican platform laid down at Philadelphia in 1872, under the approving eye of Senator Morton, was also monarchical. What is meant by such a use of the word? If Senator Morton holds that a reasonable system of appointment and promotion in the civil service is monarchical because in monarchies like England and Prussia such a system exists, he will also agree that as the supreme legislature in both these countries consists of two Houses, our own Congress, being so divided, is also monarchical. We do not suppose that he means any thing so puerile. Yet it is hardly less so to assert that the selection by examination and probation of persons competent to fill the minor offices of administration, and the continuance of their services so long as in the judgment of the appointing power they may be suitable and efficient, is incompatible with republican principles. In the custom-house at New York, for instance, there is a gentleman who fills the post of Assistant Collector, and who has been in the customs service for nearly forty years. Another gentleman in the same custom-house holds from the time when Edward Curtis was Collector of the port under Harrison. They might have been removed at any time by the Secretary of the Treasury; but is there any thing "monarchical" in the fact of their long and honorable and efficient service? Not in the least; and if every subordinate officer in every department of the government had served for a similar period, the fact would no more show the system to be monarchical than monastic.

Those who have this crotchet of "monarchy" in their heads suppose that every friend of a reform of the civil service wishes to have what is called "a fixed tenure," or removal "for cause." Removal should certainly not be allowed except for cause, but "cause" is not necessarily something that can be proved as in a court of law. The truth is that the better system—and this was the recommendation of General Grant's Civil Service Commission four years ago—leaves the power of removal untouched, but destroys the temptation to its arbitrary or illicit exercise. The most ardent advocate of examination and probation as conditions of entrance will agree that worthy persons may sometimes satisfy both those tests who would yet prove to be hinderances to a smooth and efficient service, but whose defects could not be proved by legal rules of evidence, and in whose cases such proof might be undesirable. To make a great service thoroughly flexible and effective, the power of removal must be largely untouched, if at the same time it can be kept honest. And this can be done in the public service by a wisely devised system, as it is done in private business always. An employer, indeed, may be induced by false representations to remove a worthy clerk, but such incidents are exceptional. In the public service there must be satisfactory barriers against whimsical or interested removal. But they are to be found in destroying all motives to the abuse of the power.

When the British reformed system was first put in practice, it was not applied to the whole service, but to certain branches. And that is the proposition of General Gordon. He would have a body of revenue officers holding by character and efficiency, removable by the Secretary of the Treasury only for incapacity and disreputable conduct. Of this incapacity or unfitness the Secretary must be the judge; and if that be the Senator's intention, his proposition is in accord with the best views of a proper reform. "The principle lands us in monarchy," exclaims Mr. Morton. But we deny that a system which secures economy, efficiency, and honesty of administration is necessarily monarchical. So long as every minor agent of the government is subject to the control of an officer who is responsible to the people, the talk about monarchy is futile. And if the people, through their representatives, require that all minor appointments shall be made from a class of persons proved to have certain qualifications, they would illustrate the wisdom of free popular government.

THE EMMA MINE EXPLOSION.

The explanations offered by General Schenck of his connection with the Emma Mine are remarkable as illustrating the simple credulity of men who are called peculiarly "practical." If his predecessor, Mr. Motley, had been involved in such a transaction, there would have been a great outcry at the appointment to such positions of men who, as Mr. Cameron said of Mr. Dana, might have book-learning, but had not knowledge of the world. It will be observed, however, that it is the eminently "practical" men who usually figure in such transactions. Mr. Sumner was regarded as very unpractical. But during twenty-three years' official service, in the midst of every kind of opportunity and temptation, he was absolutely spotless. His successor at the head of the Senate Committee upon Foreign Affairs, Mr. Cameron, has not book-learning, and has also lived in the midst of every kind of opportunity, and is considered to be a very "practical" man. Whether his knowledge of the world or what he calls Mr. Dana's want of it, and whether Mr. Motley's unpractical turn of mind or General Schenck's "practical" sense, have been of more advantage to the honor of the country and to the credit of the party to which all four belong, is not a very open question.

The explanation of General Schenck shows that the general verdict upon the affair is correct. He did not intentionally conspire with men who had illicit designs upon the stock market, but he was used by sharpers. But of what use is that knowledge of the world which Mr. Cameron insists shall distinguish our minister in England, and of which he would admit General Schenck to be so shining an example, if it can not help a man to keep out of so very open a trap as that into which the general fell? There remains to be explained, in any case, the guarantee of Park by which General Schenck was to receive a monthly dividend, for which no guarantee was made to other subscribers. Indeed, the conceded facts of the whole transaction are very disagreeable. When the Secretary of State was constrained to ask General Schenck to resign his position as director, and to reach the conclusion that his conduct in the matter was inconsistent with his duty as American minister, it seems to us that the time had come to require his resignation. It was not, of course, an easy thing to do, for to retire him "under fire" was to seem to justify the cannonade. But there can be little question that it should have been done. The history of the English mission under this Administration has been singular. Mr. Motley was recalled under circumstances that have not been forgotten. Mr. Frelinghuysen was nominated to succeed him, but declined. The position is understood to have been then offered to other gentlemen, who could not accept. Finally General Schenck was sent, and his resignation was asked under very cloudy circumstances. Mr. Dana was nominated as his successor amidst universal satisfaction, and, as we write, it appears that he is to be rejected, because Mr. Simon Cameron has doubts about his temper and knowledge of the world. It will be interesting to see whether another candidate of the same character with Mr. Dana will now be selected.

AN EASY POSTAL REMEDY IF DESIRED.

If the Senate really desires to respond to the wishes of the country in regard to the postal law, it will follow the advice of Mr. Bangs, the late Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, and immediately repeal the clause of the act which increased the rates on transient newspapers and magazines, unsealed circulars and prospectuses. We have already agreed that the principle governing the transportation of merchandise might differ from that which affects printed matter. Mr. Bangs's maxim on the subject is that the old cheap rates should be restored upon mail matter proper, leaving what may be called irregular mail matter to pay its own way as nearly as practicable. The Postmaster-General has favored some plan by which merchandise should pay according to distance. But the chairman of the Senate Postal Committee is understood to favor the idea that the Post-office deficit may be abolished altogether. Such a chimera would, of course, perplex any proposition that he might entertain, and render it utterly impracticable, and as a reasonable and rapid solution of the present difficulty, we trust that he will be content with the repeal that we have indicated.

Many members of Congress do not seem to understand that it is a matter of very great importance to a very great many people whether the postage upon newspapers and periodicals is one or two cents more or less, and the rates can not be frequently disturbed without serious injury to very many and widely extended interests. The truth is, as has been more than once stated, the change of last year was made without careful inquiry, and upon a misunderstanding of the scope of the proposition, and the remedy was evidently a restoration of the old rates upon the articles which so injuriously affected the people. If, then, the Postmaster-General or a committee of Congress should take up the whole subject of the Post-office, and recommend a system which should be satisfactory to the real purposes of a government management of the post, and a system not to go into operation until all existing contracts and understandings had terminated, there would be no cause of complaint. But members of Congress must understand, upon a little reflection, that incessant changes in the rates of mail transportation become a serious public grievance. It would certainly be a matter of regret if there should be any feeling that the universal and immediate protest that greeted the passage of the increased rates last year must be punished. Ill feeling and recrimination are singularly misplaced in legislation. We shall gladly aid any honest effort to regulate the transportation of proper merchandise in the mails, but we shall insist upon the distinction between merchandise and mail matter proper, and we sincerely hope that Congress will do the same.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Ellwood E. Thorne has positively declined a re-election as Grand Master of the Freemasons of the State of New York, although earnestly requested to serve for another term. It is understood that the present Deputy Grand Master, Speaker James W. Husted, will be his successor, and a worthy and capable successor he will be. Speaker Husted is one of the foremost of the "coming men" of New York—clear-headed, quick-witted, good-tempered, kind-hearted, strong-willed; a man of admirable executive ability, full of resources, full of industry, full of tact, and with good sense and sound judgment sufficient for any position in the gift of the people of New York.

—Mr. Avery Bill, who died at his home in Brooklyn on March 26, after a long and painful illness, had been for some years in the employment of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, in their Subscription Book Department. Mr. Bill was a sincere and earnest Christian, who by his cheerful, untiring devotion to his duties, and his modest, kindly deportment, won the respect and esteem of his employers and of all who came in official relations with him.

—Mr. George William Curtis will deliver a lecture in Chickering Hall on Thursday evening, April 13, on "Women in the Old Time and the New," for the benefit of the Art Department of the approaching fair of the Young Women's Christian Association. This will be Mr. Curtis's only appearance as a lecturer this season.

—A waggish man in New Orleans has suggested that a Democratic ticket might be made with the names of Thomas A. Hendricks for President and Jeremiah S. Black for Vice-President. The battle-cry would obviously be, "Tom and Jerry!"

—An erroneous report has had some circulation that the Bishop of London had refused to allow Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee, to confirm in his diocese. The fact is, the good bishop is chairman of the committee appointed in England to aid in obtaining subscriptions to the University of the South (for which Bishop Q. is laboring), has subscribed liberally to the fund, and has received Bishop Quintard with every kindness and attention. Bishop Quintard has confirmed in England with the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and twice recently in London. A few days ago he received anonymously the following well-turned epigram:

"THE BISHOP OF TENNESSEE.

"Ten dioceses of the South
Send but one man to make their plea;
And rightly, for his gifted mouth
Proves that one good as *ten-is-he*."

—The Philadelphia *Ledger* has entered upon a new and pleasant era of its prosperous existence. It has enlarged its dimensions and put on a new, clean face of type. Under the management of Mr. Childs it has achieved a reputation for enterprise, ability, and integrity not surpassed by any of its contemporaries, and it is gratifying to see its merits so well rewarded.

—Mr. William L. Stone has been named by the Centennial Commission as Centennial historian for the State of New York. Mr. Stone's studies in the history of the State have been diligent and long-continued, and he will devote himself with enthusiasm to his task. Persons who may be in possession of material that might be serviceable to him are requested to intrust it to Mr. Stone in the city of New York.

—It is mentioned that a distinguished merchant of this city, well known for his great liberality, has had the satisfaction of seeing a favorite son, who has been very wild, converted under the instrumentality of Moody and Sankey. As a thank-offering, he has contributed $50,000 toward the Hippodrome expenses.

—M. John Lemoine, the leading writer in the Paris *Débats*, made the following remarks on the daily press on being admitted a member of the French Academy: "The journal's instantaneous speech has come to respond to the exigencies of a new civilization. It is possible that maturity of thought and correctness of language lose by this hasty production; but how many ideas would die but for this sudden and incessant incorporation?"

—There is a character among the minor officials of the United States Senate—one Captain Isaac Bassett, who for five-and-forty years has been an assistant door-keeper of the Senate. The "capting" is a general favorite with Senators, and has a fund of reminiscence of the great men, now gone, who formerly occupied seats in the Senate. The chairs of Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Benton, Douglas, are still in use; for it is a notable fact that while the furniture of the House of Representatives is frequently changed, that of the Senate, with the exception of the carpet, remains substantially as it was half a century ago. It is true that when a new State has been admitted, new chairs and desks have been made for the incoming Senators, but they have been invariably fashioned after the old model. Some of the old chairs have also been re-upholstered, but most of them have never been repaired, being apparently as good to-day as they were when first placed in the Chamber. The chairs and desks of Cass, Calhoun, Webster, Clay, Douglas, and Benton, as has been said, still remain in the Senate-Chamber, and are in daily use, but exactly which they are or who occupies them at present Captain Bassett declines to tell, for the reason that, if the fact was known, relic hunters would soon mutilate them beyond recognition. It is known, however, that Mr. Ferry's seat on the floor is the same as that formerly occupied by Senator Sumner.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The Payne Currency Bill was defeated in the House, on the 27th ult., by a vote of 81 to 156. The Silver Substitution Bill was reported to the House the same day; on the 29th an amendment was offered repealing the resumption clause of the bill of 1875, but it was defeated; on the 31st the bill was passed by 122 to 106. It provides for the issue of silver subsidiary coin as a substitute for fractional currency, and makes silver dollars legal tender to the amount of $50, and smaller coins to the amount of $25. The Senate, on the 29th, passed the Diplomatic Bill, with all the restorations. The Army Officers' Salary Bill was passed by the House, on the 29th, making a total reduction of $500,000. In the House, on the 30th, articles of impeachment against ex-Secretary Belknap were formally presented. The Senate, on the 31st, ordered an investigation of the Mississippi election frauds.

The dam at the Great Lynde Brook Reservoir, five miles from Worcester, Massachusetts, gave way on the 30th ult., and over 600,000,000 gallons of water were emptied into the country below. Three lives are reported lost, and property was damaged to the extent of many thousands of dollars. Several houses were washed away, mills badly injured, and eight hundred feet of the Boston and Albany Railroad carried off.

Governor Ames, of Mississippi, resigned on the 29th ult., and Colonel J. M. Stone, President of the Senate *pro tem.*, was inaugurated as his successor.

Three Republican State Conventions were held on the 29th ult. The Pennsylvanians presented the name of Governor Hartranft as their first choice for the Presidency; the Vermont Convention named an unpledged delegation to the National Convention; and the Ohio body nominated a State ticket, and recommended Governor Hayes for the Presidency.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Steamer advices from Japan to March 1 report two great fires, one at Osaka and the other at Kozuchi. In the former, 600 houses were destroyed, and in the latter, 300.

The plague has reached the ancient city of Bagdad, where there are ten cases daily. The Egyptian authorities quarantine arrivals from the Persian Gulf for fifteen days.

The Royal Titles Bill passed to a second reading in the British House of Lords on the 30th ult. In the Commons, on the 27th, Mr. Plimsoll was defeated in an effort to amend the Merchant Shipping Bill providing that every British vessel, before sailing from a port of the United Kingdom, should have a certificate of sea-worthiness.

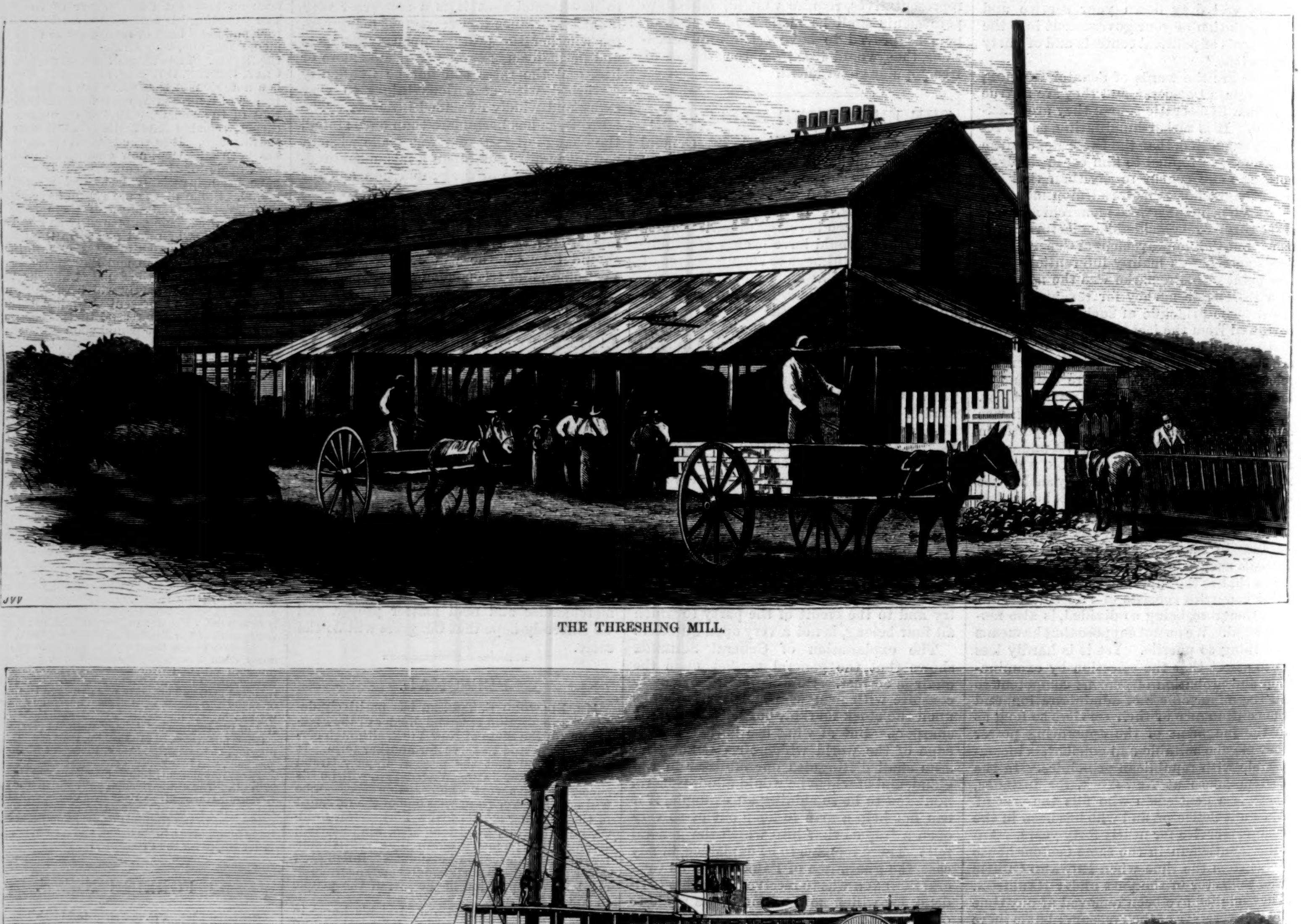
The French Chamber of Deputies, on the 30th, appointed a committee to consider the bill restoring to the state the sole power of conferring university degrees. Thirty French bishops held a conference on the same subject.

The Prussian imperial revenue for the year 1875 fell short $2,800,000 of what was anticipated. The savings, however, exceeded the estimates by $6,825,000, leaving a surplus of over $4,000,000.

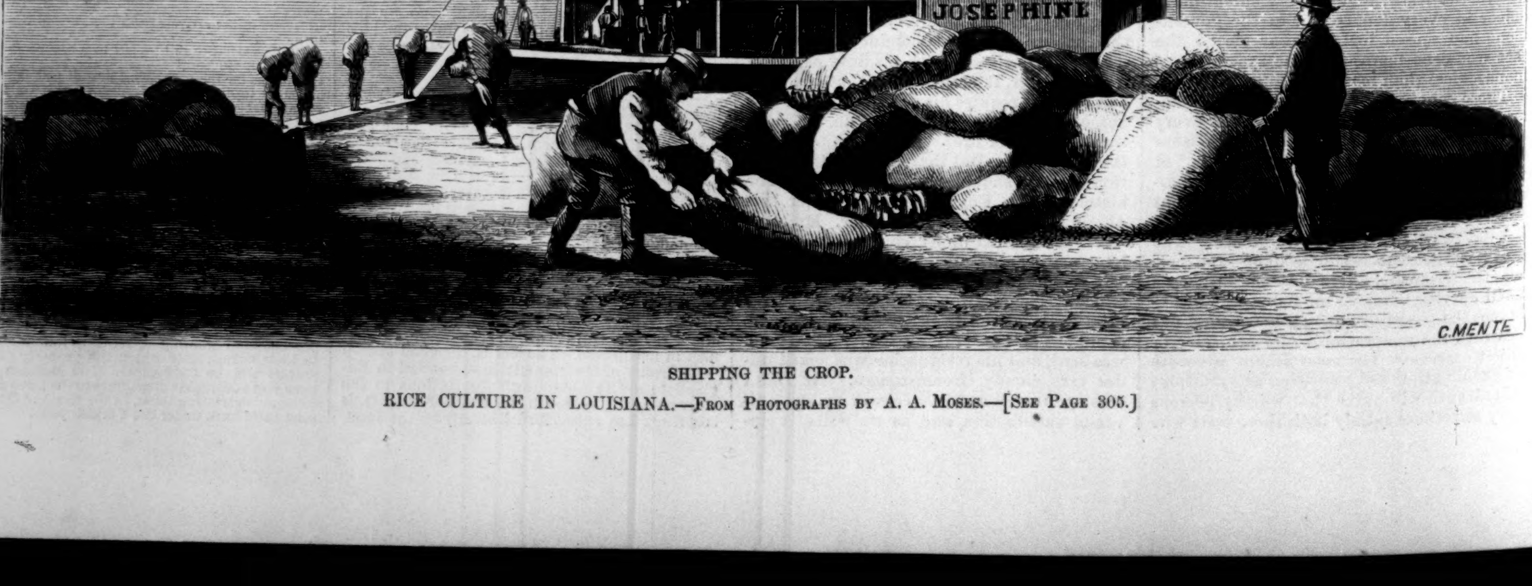
The programme of the new Italian ministry has been announced. The government will be neither aggressive nor hostile to the Church, but will hold aloof from any idea of conciliating it.

The Turkish Pacification Committee has issued a proclamation granting all refugees a month to return to their homes, after which the property of the absentees will be confiscated. The Bosnian refugees have sent telegraphic dispatches to the three emperors, solemnly entreating them, in the name of God, not to send them back under the Turkish yoke.

CUTTING RICE.



THE THRESHING MILL.



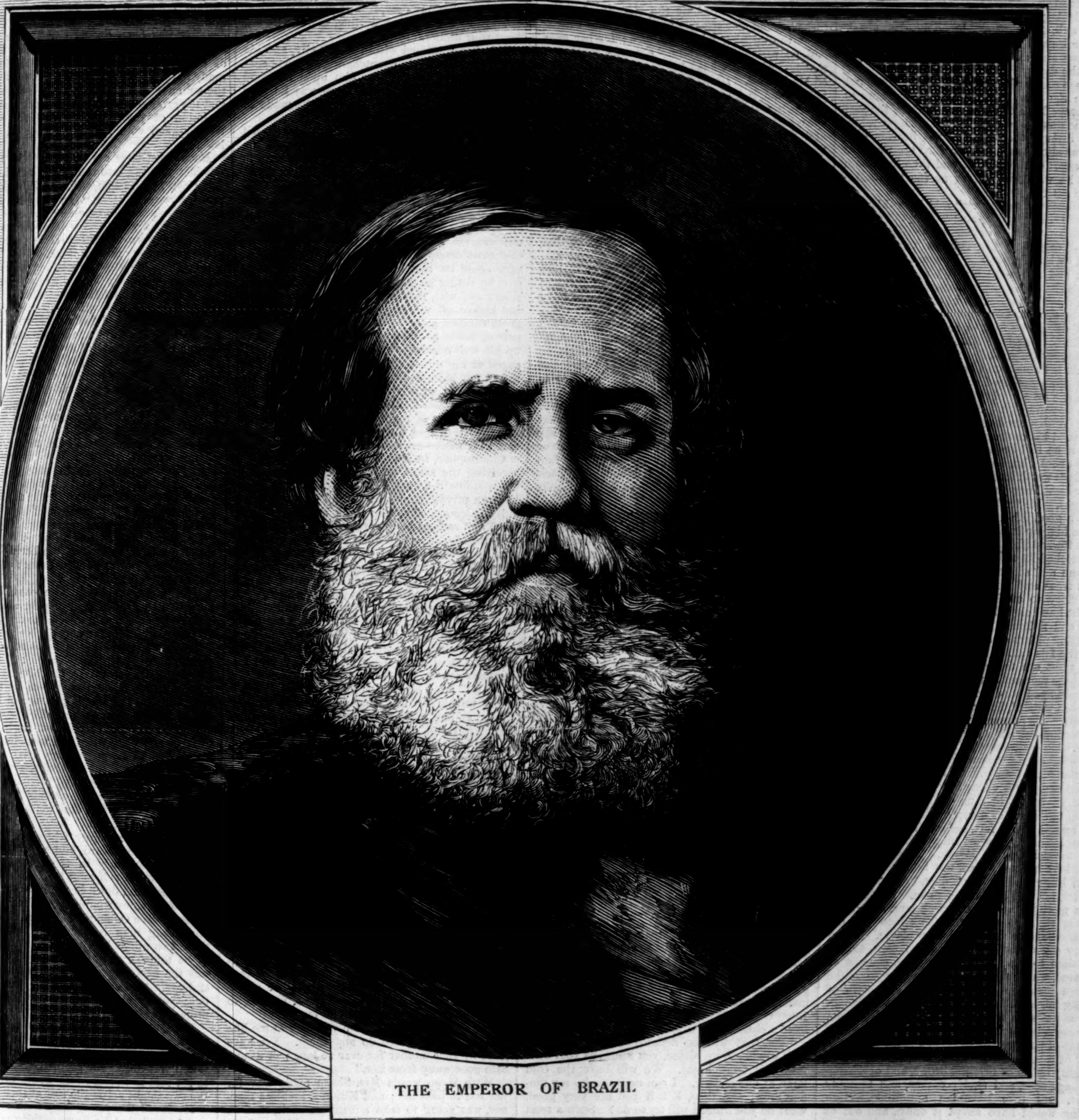
SHIPPING THE CROP.

RICE CULTURE IN LOUISIANA.—From Photographs by A. A. Moses.—[See Page 305.]

RICE CULTURE.

Rice, which from time immemorial has been cultivated in Eastern countries, is said to have been introduced into America toward the close of the seventeenth century by a vessel from Madagascar, which put into the port of Charleston, South Carolina, and left there some of the seed. A few grains sown in a garden, in a spot now covered with buildings, produced the seed which made South Carolina the greatest rice-growing State in the Union. According to another, but less trustworthy, account, Sir William Berkeley grew rice in Virginia as early as 1647. This important crop is chiefly cultivated in low lands, along the banks of rivers, where the soil is deep and rich, and so situated as to be overflowed at the proper season; for although an upland species or variety is raised, like other grain, in the mountainous parts of India, Japan, and China, ordinary rice requires irrigation for its successful culture. The rice fields are prepared by a system of ditches and embankments so arranged as to form independent patches, varying in size from fourteen to twenty acres each, according to the number of hands employed. The ditches vary in size, but as a rule they are about five feet wide and of the same depth, and on some plantations there is a larger one, which can be used as a canal for transportation from the fields to the barns and store-houses. The ground is prepared early in winter, and in mild weather is flooded with water. During March the water is let off, the drains cleansed, the ground well harrowed, and trenches are made at right angles with the drains, from twelve to fifteen inches apart. The planting season embraces April and part of May. The seed is lightly covered with soil, and the fields are flooded for four or five days, till the grain begins to sprout, when the water is drained off. After five or six weeks comes the first hoeing, the second ten days after this, when water is put on again for two weeks, deep for about four days, and then gradually diminishing. When the soil is dry again, it is hoed to a good depth. On the appearance of a joint in the plant, another hoeing takes place, and the fields are again flooded until the grain matures, which may be two months. Then the water is run off, and as soon as the fields are sufficiently dry the work of cutting begins.

Our illustrations on page 304 show the processes of harvesting and shipping. In the first sketch we have the reapers at work with their sickles. The second shows the threshing mill, and the third a small river-steamer which has hauled up to the bank to take off the products of some plantation. The manner of loading is primitive. The slope of the bank is such that the vessel can not come in close, and the hands carry the sacks from the land to the steamer on an improvised gangway of long planks.



THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL

THE COMING EMPEROR.

The Emperor Dom Pedro II. of Brazil left Rio Janeiro on the 26th of March in the English steamer *Helvetius*, and will probably reach New York about the 20th of April. He is accompanied by the Empress Teresa. Besides their Majesties the party consists of the Viscomte de Bon Retiro, formerly Minister of State and Chamberlain of the Emperor; Admiral De Lamare, Chamberlain of the Empress; Senhor Macedo, and a single *dame d'honneur*.

Dom Pedro was born the 2d of December, 1825. His grandfather, Dom Pedro I., abdicated the throne in his favor in 1831, and retired to Portugal, leaving the infant Emperor in the charge of a regency. The regency lasted in Brazil until the 3d of July, 1840, when it was terminated by popular desire, and Dom Pedro II., at the early age of fifteen, assumed the task of governing the empire, for the duties of which he had fortunately been carefully educated by the regency. His Majesty was crowned at Rio in July, 1841, and in September, 1843, married there the Princess Teresa Christina, daughter of Francis I., King of the Two Sicilies. They have two children, the Princesses Isabella and Leopoldina. The former acts as regent during her father's absence from the empire.

The Emperor desires to travel as a private gentleman, and would prefer to lay aside altogether his official rank; but he will find it rather difficult to go about the country as plain Mr. Alcantara, when every body knows him to be the ruler of a great nation, and will desire to do him honor and give him a hearty welcome. His elevated character, strong attachment to literature, liberal encouragement of science, art, and industry, and his enlightened views of government, are so well known that popular demonstrations of respect can scarcely be avoided. Besides visiting the Centennial Exhibition, the Emperor intends to make an extensive tour through the country. He will probably cross to San Francisco, making brief stops at Niagara Falls, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and other places of interest and importance. The Emperor is well informed in regard to our country, and knows what he wants to see and study. A close and intelligent observer, he always seeks to make his travels of use for the improvement of his own country. His reign has been an era of uninterrupted prosperity for a land previously distracted by factions and petty civil wars and revolutions. Since his accession to the throne the Brazilians have made great advances in civilization and social and material development. Schools have been established and maintained, in defiance of priestly opposition, remote parts of the country have been connected by railways, steamboats ply on all the great rivers, and foreign commerce has been largely developed.

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "The Maid of Sker," "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MAY MORN.

It was the morn when the tall and shapely tower of Magdalen is crowned with a fillet of shining white, awaiting the first step of sunrise. Once a year, for generations, this has been the sign of it—eager eyes and gaping mouths, little knuckles blue with cold, and clumsy little feet inclined to slide upon the slippery lead. All are bound to keep together for the radiant moment; all are a little elated at their height above all other boys; all have a strong idea that the sun, when he comes, will be full of them; and every one of them longs to be back beneath his mother's blankets.

It is a tradition with this choir (handed, or chanted, down from very ancient choral ancestry) that the sun never rises on May-day without iced dew to glance upon. Scientific record here comes in to prop tradition. The icy saints may be going by, but they leave their breath behind them. And the poets, who have sent forth their maids to "gather the dews of May," knew, and meant, that dew must freeze to stand that operation.

But though the sky was bright, and the dew lay sparkling for the maidens, the frost on this particular morning was not so keen as usual. The trees that took the early light (more chaste without the yellow ray) glistened rather with soft moisture than with stiff incrustment; and sprays, that kept their sally into fickle air half latent, showing only little scalloped crinkles with a knob in them, held in every downy quillet liquid rather than solid gem.

Christopher Sharp, looking none the worse for

his excellent supper of last night, laid his fattish elbow on the parapet of the bridge and mused. Poetical feeling had fetched him out thus early in the morning to hear the choir salute the sun, and to be moved with sympathy. The moon is the proper deity of all true lovers, and has them under good command when she pleases. But for half the weeks of a month she declines to sit in the court of lunacy, at least as regards this earth, having her own men and women to attend to. This young man knew that she could not be found, with a view to meditation, now, and his mind relapsed to the sun—a coarse power, poetical only when he sets and rises.

With strength and command of the work of men, and leaving their dreams to his sister, the sun leaped up, with a shake of his brow and a scattering of the dew clouds. The gates of the east swung right and left, so that tall trees on a hill seemed less than reeds in the rush of glory, and lines (like the spread of a crystal fan) trembled along the lowland. Inlets now, and lanes of vision (scarcely opened yesterday, and closed perhaps to-morrow), guided shafts of light along the level widening ways they love. Tree and tower, hill and wall, and water and broad meadow, stood, or lay, or leaned (according to the stamp set on them), one and all receiving, sharing, and rejoicing in the day.

Between the battlements and above them burst and rose the choral hymn; and as the laws of sound compelled it to go upward mainly, the part that came down was pleasing. Christopher, seeing but little of the boys, and not hearing very much, was almost enabled to regard the whole as a vocal effort of the angels; and thus in solemn thought he wandered as far as the high-tolled turnpike gate.

"I will hie me to Cowley," said he to himself, instead of turning back again; "there will I probe the hidden import of impending destiny. This long and dark suspense is more than can be brooked by human power. I know a jolly gypsy woman; and if I went home, I should have to wait three hours for my breakfast."

With these words he felt in the pockets of his coat, to be sure that oracular cash was there, and found a silk purse with more money than usual, stored for the purchase of a dog called "Pablo," a hero among badgers.

"What is Pablo to me, or I to Pablo?" he muttered, with a smothered sigh. "She told me she thought it a cruel and cowardly thing to kill fifty rats in five minutes. Never more—alas, never more!" With a resolute step, but a clouded brow, he buttoned his coat and strode onward.

Now if he had been in a fit state of mind for looking about him, he might have found a thousand things worth looking at. But none of them, in his present hurry, won from him either glimpse or thought. He trudged along the broad London road at a good brisk rate, while the sun glanced over the highlands, and the dewy ridges, away on the left toward Shotover. The noble city behind him stretched its rising sweep of tower and spire and dome and serried battlement, stately among ancient trees, and rich with more than mere external glory to an Englishman. And away to the right hand sloped broad meadows, green with spring, and fluttered with the pearly hyaline of dew, lifting pillars of dark willow in the distance, where the Isis ran.

But what are these things to a lover, unless they hit the moment's mood? The fair, unfenced, free-landscaped road for him might just as well have been wattled, like a skittle alley, and roofed with Croggon's patent felt. At certain—or rather uncertain—moments he might have rejoiced in the wide glad heart of nature spread to welcome him, and must have felt, as lovers feel, the ravishment of beauty. It happened, however, that his eyes were opened to nothing above, or around, or before him, unless it should present itself in the image of a gypsy's tent.

He turned to the left, before the road entered the new inclosures toward Iffley, and trod his own track toward Cowley Marsh. The crisp dew, brushed by his hasty feet, ran into large globes behind him; and jerks of dust, brought up by pressure, fell and curdled on them. In the haze of the morning he looked much larger than he had any right to seem, and the shadow of his arms and hat stretched into hollow places. There was no other moving figure to be seen, except from time to time of a creature, the colonist of commons, whose mental frame was not so unlike his own just now, as bodily form and style of walking might in misty grandeur seem. Though Kit was not such a stupid fellow when free from his present bewitchment.

Scant of patience, he came to a place where the elbow of a hedge jutted forth upon the common. A mighty hedge of beetling brows, and overhanging shagginess, and shelfy curves, and brambly depths, and true Devonian amplitude. High farming would have swept it down, and out of its long course plowed an acre. Young Sharp had not traced its windings far before he came upon a tidy-looking tent, pitched, with the judgment of experience, in a snug and sheltered spot. The rest of the camp might be seen in the distance glistening in the sunrise. This tent seemed to have crept away, for the sake of peace and privacy.

Christopher quickened his steps, expecting to be met by a host of children, rushing forth with outstretched hands, and shaggy hair, and wild black eyes. But there was not so much as a child to be seen, nor the curling smoke of a hedge-trough fire, nor even the scattered ash betokening cookery of the night before. The canvas of the tent was down; no head peeped forth, no naked leg or grimy foot protruded, to show that the inner world was sleeping; even the dog, so rarely absent, seemed to be really absent now.

The young man knew that the tent was not very likely to be unoccupied; but naturally he did not like to peep into it uninvited, and he turned away to visit the chief community of rovers, when the sound of a low soft moan recalled him. Still, for a moment he hesitated, until he heard the like sound again, low and clear and musical from the deepest chords of sorrow. Kit felt sure that it must be a woman, in storms of trouble helpless; and full as he was of his own affairs, he was impelled to interfere. So he lifted back the canvas drawn across the opening and looked in.

There lay a woman on the sandy ground, with her back turned toward the light, her neck and shoulders a little raised by the short support of one elbow, and her head, and all that therein was, fixed in a rigor of gazing. Although her face was not in sight, and the hopeless moan of her wail had ceased, Kit Sharp knew that he was in the presence of a grand and long-abiding woe.

He drew back, and he tried to make out what it was, and he sighed for concert—even as a young dog whimpers to a mother that has lost her pups—and, little as he knew of women, from his own mother, or whether or no, he judged that this woman had lost a child. That it was her only one was more than he could tell or guess. The woman, disturbed by the change of light, turned round and steadily gazed at him, or rather at the opening which he filled; for her eyes had no perception of him. Kit was so scared that he jerked his head back, and nearly knocked his hat off. He never had seen such a thing before, and, if he had his choice, he never would see such a thing again. The great dark hollow eyes had lost similitude of human eyes: hope and fear and thought were gone; nothing remained but desolation and bare, reckless misery.

Christopher's gaze fell under hers. It would be a sheer impertinence to lay his small troubles before such woe.

"What is it? Oh! what is it?" asked the woman, at last having some idea that somebody was near her.

"I am very sorry; I assure you, ma'am, that I never felt more sorry in all my life," said Kit, who was a very kind-hearted fellow, and had now espied a small boy lying dead. "I give you my word of honor, ma'am, that if I could have guessed it, I would never have looked in."

Without any answer, the gypsy woman turned again to her dead child, and took two little hands in hers, and rubbed them, and sat up, imagining that she felt some sign of life. She drew the little body to her breast, and laid the face to hers, and breathed into pale open lips (scarcely fallen into death), and lifted little eyelids with her tongue, and would not be convinced that no light came from under them; and then she rubbed again at every place where any warmth or smoothness of the skin yet lingered. She fancied that she felt the little fellow coming back to her, and she kept the whole of her own body moving to encourage him.

There was nothing to encourage. He had breathed his latest breath. His mother might go on with kisses, friction, and caresses with every power she possessed of muscle, lungs, and brain, and heart. There he lay, as dead as a stone—one stone more on the earth; and the whole earth could not bring him back again.

Cinnaminta bowed her head. She laid the little bit of all she ever loved upon her lap, and fetched the small arms so that she could hold them both together, and spread the careless face upon the breast where once it had felt its way; and then she looked up in search of Kit, or any one to say something to.

"It is a just thing. I have earned it. I have robbed an old man of his only child, and I am robbed of mine."

These words she spoke not in her own language, but in plain good English; and then she lay down in her quiet scoop of sand, and folded her little boy in with her. Christopher saw that there was nothing to be done. He cared to go no further in search of fortune-tellers; and, being too young to dare to offer worthless consolation, he wisely resolved to go home and have fried bacon; wherein he succeeded.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MAY-DAY.

In the early part of that same day, to the great delight of Mrs. Sharp, a strong desire to fish arose in the candid bosom of Christopher.

"Mother," he said, "I shall have a bit of early grub, and take my rod, and try whether I can't manage to bring you a few perch home for supper. Or, if the perch are not taking yet, I may have a chance of a trout or two."

"Oh, that will be delightful, Kit! We can dine whenever we please, you know, as your dear father is from home. We will have the cold lamb at one o'clock. I can easily make my dinner then; and then, Kit, if you are very good, what do you think I will try to do? Such a treat as you hardly ever had!"

"What, mother?—what? I must be off to get my tackle ready."

"My dear, I will send to Mr. Squeaker Smith, and order a nice light vehicle, with a very steady pony. And, Kit, I will put on my very worst cloak, and a bonnet not worth sixpence, and stout India rubber overshoes. And so you shall drive me wherever you please, and I will see you catch all the fish. And you will enjoy every fish twice as much, because your dear mother is looking at you. I will bring some sandwiches, my pet, and your father's flask of sherry; and we can stay out till it is quite dark. Why, Kit, you don't look pleased about it!"

"Mother, how can I be pleased to hear you speak of such things, at this time of year? The spring is scarcely beginning yet, and the edges of the water are all swampy. You would be up to your knees in no time in the most horrible yellow slime. I should be most delighted to have your company, my dearest mother; but it will not do."

"Very well, Kit; you know best. But, at least, I can have the ride with you, and wait somewhere while you go fishing?"

"If I were going any where else, perhaps we might have contrived it so. But while the wind stays in its present quarter it is worse than useless to think of fishing, except in the most outlandish places. There would not be even a public-house, if you could stop at such a place, within miles of the water I am going to. And the roads are beyond conception. No wheels can get along them, except in the very height of summer, or a dry black frost. My dear mother, I am truly grieved to lose your company; but I must ride the old cob Sam, and tie him to a tree or gate; and over and over again you have told me how long you have been waiting for the chance of a good long afternoon to do a little shopping. And the London fashions for the summer season arrived by the coach only yesterday."

"Did they, indeed? Are you sure of that? Well, Kit, I would rather have come with you than seen the whole world of fashions, although you can judge, and a lady can not. But I do not care about that, my dear, if only you enjoy yourself. Ring the bell, my darling, and I will see about your dinner."

Kit's heart burned within him sadly, and his cheeks kept it well in countenance, at the shocking fraud thus practiced by him upon his good unselfish mother. However, there was no help for it; and, after all, mothers must be made to be cheated; or why do they love it so?

Thus, well balanced with his conscience, Kit put all his smartest clothes on, as soon as the early dinner was done, and he felt quite sure in his own mind that his mother was safely embarked upon her grand expedition of shopping. He saw her as clean as possible off the premises and round the utmost corner of the lane; and then he waited for a minute and a half, to be sure that she had not forgotten her purse, or something else most essential. At last he became sure as sure could be that his admirable mother must now be sitting on a high chair in a fashionable shop; and with that he ran up to his own room, and kicked off his every-day breeches, and with great caution and vast study drew a brand-new pair of noble pantaloons, with a military stripe, up his well-nourished and established legs. He gazed at the result, and found that on the whole it was not bad; and then he put on his best velvet waistcoat, of a chaste sprig pattern, not too gaudy. A water-fall tie with a turquois pin, and a cutaway coat of a soft bottle-green, completed him for the eyes of the public, and—for which he cared far more—certain especially private eyes.

Christopher, feeling himself thus attired, and receiving the silent approval of his glass, stole down stairs in a very clever way, and took from his own private cupboard a whip of white pellucid whalebone, silver-mounted, and set with a large and radiant Cairngorm pebble. His mother had given him this on his very last birthday, and he had never used it, wisely fearing to be laughed at. But now he tucked it under his arm, and stepping as he had seen hussars do, turned into a passage leading to his private outlet.

Hugging himself upon all his skill, and feeling assured of grand success, Kit allowed his heels to clank, and threw his toes well forward. And so, near a window, where good light came in large quantity from the garden, he marched into his mother's arms.

"Kit!" cried his mother; and he said, "Yes," being unable to deny that truth. His mother looked at him, and his jaunty whip, and particularly lively suit of clothes; and she knew that he had been telling lies to her by the hundred or the bushel; and she would have been very glad to scorn him, if she could have helped being proud of him. Kit was unable to carry on any more in the way of falsehood. He tried to look fierce, but his mother laughed; and he saw that he must knock under.

"My dear boy," she said, for the moment daring to follow up her triumph, "is this the costume in which you go forth to fish in the most outlandish places, with the yellow ooze above your knees? And is that your fishing rod? Oh, Kit! Come, Kit, now you are caught at last."

"My dear mother, I have told you stories; but I will leave off at last. Now there is not one instant to explain. I have not so much as a moment to spare. If you only could guess how important it is, you would draw in your cloak in a moment. You never shall know another single word, unless you have the manners, mother, to pull in your cloak and let me go by."

"Kit, you may go. When you look at me like that, you may as well do any thing. You have gone by your mother for ever so long; or at any rate gone away from her."

With these words Mrs. Sharp made way for her son to pass her; and Kit, in a reckless manner, was going to take advantage of it, then he turned back his face to say good-by, and his mother's eyes were away from him. She could not look at him, because she knew that her look would pain him; but she held out her hand; and he took it and kissed it; and then he made off as hard as he could go.

Mrs. Sharp turned back, and showed some hankering to run after him; and then she remembered what a laugh would arise in Cross Duck Lane to see such sport; and so she sighed a heavy sigh—knowing how long she must have to wait—and retired to her own thoughtful corner, with no heart left for shopping.

But Kit saw that now it was "neck or nothing." With best foot foremost he made his way through back lanes, leading toward the conscientious obscurity of Worcester College—for Beaumont Street still abode in the future—and skirting the coasts of Jericho, dangerously hospitable, he emerged at last in broad St. Giles, without a stone to prate of his whereabouts. Here he went into livery-stables, where he was well known, and found the cob Sam at his service; for no university man would ride him (even upon Hobson's choice) because of his ignominious aspect. But Kit knew his value and his lasting powers and sagacious gratitude; and whenever he wanted a horse trustworthy in patience, obedience, and wit, he always took brown Sam. To Sam it was a treat to carry Kit, because of the victuals ordered at almost every lenient stage; and the grand largess of oats and beans was more than he could get for a week in stable. And so he set forth, with a spirited neigh, on the Kidlington road, to cross the Cherwell, and make his way toward Weston. The heart of Christopher burned within him whenever he thought of his mother; but a man is a man for all that, and can not be tied to apron strings. So Kit shook his whip, and the Cairngorm flashed in the sun, and the spirit of youth did the same. He was certain to see the sweet maid to-day, knowing her manners and customs, and when she was ordered forth for her mossy walk upon the margin of the wood.

The soft sun hung in the light of the wood, as if he were guided by the breeze and air, and gentle the warmth flowed through the alleys where the nesting pheasant ran. Little fluttering, timid things, that meant to be leaves, please God, some day, but had been baffled and beaten about so that their faith was shrunk to hope; little rifts of cover also keeping beauty coiled inside, and ready to open, like a bivalve shell, to the pulse of the summer tide, and then to be sweet blossom; and the ground below them pressing upward with ambition of young green; and the sky above them spread with liquid blue behind white pillows.

But these things are not well to be seen without just entering into the wood; and in doing so there can be no harm, with the light so inviting, and the way so clear. Grace had a little idea that perhaps she had better stop outside the wood, but still that walk was within her bounds, and her orders were to take exercise; and she saw some very pretty flowers there, and if they would not come to her, she had nothing to do but to go to them. Still, she ought to have known that now things had changed from what they were as little as a week ago; that a dotted veil of innumerable buds would hang between her and the good Miss Patch, while many forward trees were casting quite a shade of mystery. Nevertheless, she had no fear. If any body did come near her, it would only be somebody thoroughly afraid of her. For now she knew, and was proud to know, that Kit was the prey of her bow and spear.

Whether she cared for him or not was a wholly different question. But in her dismal dullness and long, wearisome seclusion, the finest possible chance was offered for any young gentleman to meet her, and make acquaintance of nature's doing. At first she had kept this to herself, in dread of conceit and vanity; but when it outgrew accident, she told "Aunt Patch" the whole affair, and asked what she was to do about it. Thereupon she was told to avoid the snares of childish vanity, to look at the back of her looking-glass, and never dare to dream again that any one could be drawn by her.

Her young mind had been eased by this, although with a good deal of pain about it; and it made her more venturesome to discover whether the whole of that superior estimate of herself was true; whether she was so entirely vain or stupid whenever she looked at herself; and whether it was so utterly and bitterly impossible that any body should come—as he said—miles and miles for the simple pleasure of looking, for one or two minutes, at herself.

Grace was quite certain that she had no desire to meet any body when she went into the wood. She hoped to be spared any trial of that sort. She had been told, on the highest authority, that nobody could come looking after her—the assertion was less flattering perhaps than assuring; and, to test its truth, she went a little further than she meant to go.

Suddenly at a corner, where the whole of the ground fell downward, and grass was overhanging grass so early in the season, and sapling shoots from the self-same stool stood a yard above each other, and down in the hollow a little brook sang of its stony troubles to the whispering reeds—here Grace Oglander happened to meet a very fine young man indeed. The astonishment of these two might be seen, at a moment's glance, to be mutual. The maiden, by gift of nature, was the first to express it, with dress, and hand, and eye. She showed a warm eagerness to retire; yet waited half a moment for the sake of proper dignity.

Kit looked at her with a clear intuition that now was his chance of chances to make certain sure of her. If he could only now be strong, and take her consent for granted, and so induce her to set seal to it, she never would withdraw; and the two might settle the rest at their leisure.

He loved the young lady with all his heart; and beyond that he knew nothing of her, except that she was worthy. But she had not given her heart as yet; and, with natural female common-sense, she would like to know a great deal more about him before she said too much to him. Also in her mind—if not in her heart—there was a clearer likeness of a very different man—a man who was a man in earnest, and walked with a stronger and firmer step, and lurked behind no corners.

"This path is so extremely narrow," Miss Oglander said, with a very pretty blush, "and the ground so steep, that I fear I must put you to some little inconvenience. But if I hold carefully by this branch, perhaps there will be room for you to pass."

"You are most kind and considerate," he answered, as if he were in peril of a precipice; "but I would not for the world give you such trouble. And I don't want to go any further now. It can not matter in the least, I do assure you."

"But surely you must have been going somewhere? You are most polite. But I can not

think for one moment of turning you back like this."

"Then may I sit down? I feel a little tired, and the weather has suddenly become so warm. Don't you think it is very trying?"

"To people who are not very strong, perhaps it is. But surely it ought not to be so to you."

"Well, I must not put all the blame upon the weather. There are so many other things much worse. If I could only tell you."

"Oh, I am so very sorry, Mr. Sharp. I had no idea you had such troubles. It must be so sad for you, while you are so young."

"Yes, I suppose many people call me young. And perhaps to the outward eye I am so. But no one except myself can dream of the anxieties that prey upon me."

Christopher by this time was growing very crafty, as the above speech of his will show. The paternal gift was awaking within him, but softened by maternal goodness, so that it was not likely to be used with much severity. And now, at the end of his speech, he sighed, and without any thought laid his right hand on the rich heart of his velvet waistcoat, where beautiful forget-me-nots were blooming out of willow leaves. Then Grace could not help thinking how that trouble-worn right hand had been uplifted in her cause, and had descended on the rabbit-man. And although she was most anxious to discourage the present vein of thought, she could not suppress one little sigh—sweeter music to the ear of Kit than ever had been played or dreamed.

"Now would you really like to know?—you are so wonderfully good," he continued, with his eyes cast down, and every possible appearance of excessive misery; "would you, I mean, do your best not only not to be offended, but to pity and forgive me, if, or rather supposing that, I were to endeavor to explain what—what it is, who—who she is—no, no, I do not quite mean that. I scarcely know how to express myself. Things are too many for me."

"Oh, but you must not allow them to be so, Mr. Sharp; indeed, you mustn't. I am sure that you must have a very good mother, from what you told me the other day; and if you have done any harm, though I scarcely can think such a thing of you, the best and most straightforward course is to go and tell your mother every thing; and then it is so nice afterward."

"Yes, to be sure. How wise you are! You seem to know almost every thing. I never saw any one like you at all. But the fact is that I am a little too old; I am obliged now to steer my own course in life. My mother is as good as gold, and much better; but she never could understand my feelings."

"Then come in and tell my dear old aunt Patch. She is so virtuous, and she always never doubts about any thing; she sees the right thing to be done in a moment, and she never listens to arguments. If you will only come in and see her, it might be such a relief to you."

"You seem to mistake me altogether," cried the young man, with his patience gone. "What good could any old aunts do to me? Surely you know who it is that I want!"

"How can I imagine that?"

"Why you, only you, only you, sweet Grace. I should like to see the whole earth swallowed up, if only you and I were left together."

Grace Oglander blushed at the power of his words and the pressure of his hand on hers. Then, having plenty of her father's spirit, she fixed her bright sensible eyes on his face, so that he saw that he had better stop. "I am afraid that it is no good," he said.

"I am very much obliged to you," answered Grace, with her fair cheeks full of color, and her hands drawn carefully back to her sides; "but will you be kind enough to stand up and let me speak for a moment? I believe that you are very good, and I may say very harmless, and you have helped me in the very kindest way, and I never shall forget your goodness. Ever since you came, I am sure, I have been glad to think of you; and your dogs and your gun and your fishing rod reminded me of my father; and I am very, very sorry that what you have just said will prevent me from thinking any more about you, or coming any where into any kind of places, where there are trees like this, again. I ought to have done it—at least, I mean, I never ought to have done it at all; but I did think that you were so nice; and now you have undeceived me. I know who your father is very well, although I have seldom seen him; and though I dislike the law, I declare that would not have mattered very much to me. But you do not even know my name, as several times you have proved to me; and how you can ride thirty miles from Oxford, in all sorts of weather, without being tired, and your dogs so fresh, has always been a puzzle to me."

"Thirty miles from Oxford!" Christopher Sharp cried, in great amazement; for in the very lowest condition of the heart figures will maintain themselves.

"Yes; thirty miles, or thirty leagues. Sometimes I hear one thing, and sometimes the other."

"Where you are standing now is about seven miles and three-quarters from Summer-town gate."

"Surely, Mr. Sharp, you are laughing at me! How far am I from Beckley, then, according to your calculation?"

"How did you ever hear of Beckley? It is quite a little village. A miserable little place."

"Indeed, then, it is not. It is the very finest place in all the world; or at any rate the nicest and the dearest and the prettiest."

"But how can you, just come from America, have such an opinion of such a little hole?"

"A little hole! Why, it stands on a hill. You never can have been near it, if you think of calling it a 'hole!' And as for my coming from America, you seem to have no geography. I have never been further away from darling Beckley, to my knowledge, than I am now."

Kit Sharp looked at her with greater amazement than that with which she looked at him. And then with one accord they spied a fat man coming along the hollow, and trying not to glance at them. With keen young instinct they knew that this villain was purely intent upon watching them.

"Come again, if you please, to-morrow," said Grace, while pretending to gaze at the clouds; "you have told me such things that I never shall sleep. Come earlier, and wait for me. Not that you must think any thing; only that now you are bound, as a gentleman, to go on with what you were telling me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor Frazer, in the Proceedings of the Philadelphia Academy of Science, remarks that those who are fond of the oyster know how much the "fresh" exceed the "salts" in size and consistency. The "Morris Coves" of Philadelphia, while very insipid, are the plumpest bivalves brought to market. On the other hand, the "Absecoms" and "Brigantines," while of better flavor to those who prefer salt oysters, are invariably lean compared to their transplanted rivals, as are also the "Cape Mays," though, from some reason, not to the same extent. The time for allowing the salt oysters taken from the sea-coast to lie out is seldom over two or three days. At the end of this time the maximum plumpness is attained, and beyond this the oyster becomes lean again, besides having lost its flavor. It is not possible that the smooth rotundity of the laid-out oyster can be due to increase of flesh. The time is too short, and the conditions are unfavorable. Professor Frazer thinks that the salt-water leaves the body of the oyster by a dialytic action, through Graham's well-known law of the diffusion of gases and liquids. During the growth of the oyster on the sea-coast its tissues are constantly saturated with the ocean brine. On removing this oyster to merely brackish or fresh water, the conditions are at once favorable for osmose to be commenced. The fresher and less dense liquid without permeates inward more rapidly than the more saline and denser liquids within escape, and the effect is to swell the tissue, as a cow's bladder half filled with air and immersed in a vessel of hydrogen is swollen, or still more nearly like the swelling of a bladder half filled with copper sulphate when immersed in pure water.

Professor Zenger, of Prague, announces a success which, if confirmed, will be of high importance. By using a new form of "achromatic lens in combination with mirrors of large aperture and very short focal length, so as to reduce the focal length to four times the aperture," Professor Zenger claims to have photographed the solar corona with the protuberances on it, and also to have examined the corona through the telescope. He describes its appearance to the eye as "a bright circular ring....on an average one minute in height, and only in exceptional cases of nearly two minutes, and an eccentricity amounting to only two or three seconds of arc."

The sixth annual report of the Commissioners of Fisheries for the State of New Jersey, for the year 1875, has just been published, giving an account of what has been done by them during the year. For greater convenience, they divided the State into the tidal or southern department and the non-tidal, each having special representatives in the board.

They are happy to state that in consequence of the care bestowed upon the fishing interests by the enactment of laws and their enforcement by the Commissioners, the catch of shad is becoming greater in numbers and of larger size in each successive year, the fishing in the bay having been extraordinarily successful in 1875. Two hundred and fifty shad were taken at one drift, and the average per net was double that of the preceding season.

The quality fully corresponded with the increased numbers, shad of eight pounds having been captured. Notwithstanding the great increase, the fish kept up in price satisfactorily; and the fishermen themselves admitted that the improvement in the fishing is due to the enforcement of the laws, and are much more ready to accept them than formerly; in fact, every where the report confirms the statements of the increase referred to.

The Commissioners make a distinction between the work done by the gilling nets and the shore or sweeping seines. They also state that the shad-fishing commenced unusually late in 1875, and that the fish entered the bay in immense numbers, but were kept in the brackish water by the continued cold weather, and were taken there in great numbers by the drift nets. The shore fishing did not commence until the 26th to the 28th of April—more than two weeks later than usual.

Reference is made to the concurrent action of New Jersey and Pennsylvania in regard to the hatching of shad in the Delaware River, the total number hatched at the several stations amounting to 1,400,000, at a cost of $937 20.

Lieutenant Cameron, during his travels from Zanzibar to St. Paul de Loanda, had with him a large following of negroes, the return of whom to their homes has been a problem of some considerable interest. This has been solved by the purchase of a vessel for their transportation back to Zanzibar by sea, which on arrival will be sold, probably at the original cost.

Lieutenant Cameron expected to sail for England immediately after this work had been accomplished.

The pecuniary success of well-managed public aquaria is shown by the report of the Brighton Aquarium Company. In this it is stated that the sum of £12,310 11*s.* 7*d.* is available on dividend account. A dividend at the rate of ten per cent. per annum was paid in July last, and a second dividend has now been ordered from the present profits, leaving a balance of £5446 to be carried forward.

The Aquarium Company has been lately the subject of proceedings in court on account of its violation of certain enactments in keeping open on Sunday. This has now been compromised by opening on Sundays during certain hours, and as an aquarium only, the other exhibitions being omitted.

Negotiations have been under way between the governments of Great Britain and Norway in reference to the time for the capture of seals on the Greenland coast, and are now consummated by the adoption of an order in Council fixing the 3d of April in each year as the date before which no British subject shall kill or capture seals within the specified area. It is hoped that these restrictions, if fully carried out, will soon put an end to the barbarous destruction of infant seals.

The expedition to the Obi River, in Siberia, to which we have already referred, is now fully organized, and will start at an early date *via* Semipalatinsk and the Altai. It is organized by the Verein für Deutsche Nordpolenfahrt, in Bremen, and will be in command of Dr. Finsch, accompanied by Dr. Brehm, Count Waldburg-Zeil, and Oscar Schmidt, the well-known microscopist.

Petermann's *Mittheilungen* for February, 1876, gives the usual geographical necrology for the previous year, in which are to be found some names that have not yet appeared in our columns. Among these may be mentioned M. De Castera Macaya, who was born in 1800, and died on the 14th of January in Paris. He served at various times as secretary and president of the Geographical Society of Paris, and published numerous essays and other works of more or less value. Among them may be mentioned *A Sketch of Ancient Africa, Voyages of Americus Vespuccius, Geographical Notices of the History of Brazil*, etc.

Admiral Cyrille Laplace, who died on the 24th of January, at Brest, was known in connection with numerous voyages of discovery, the results of which were published in a handsome form, and have added greatly to our knowledge of the physics and natural history of the globe. Among these were the voyages of the *Favorite*, the *Artémise*, and others.

Charles New, a well-known missionary and traveler in East Africa, born in 1840, died February 14, at Duruma, not far from Mombas. He published a work entitled, *Life, Wanderings, and Travels in Eastern Africa*, as also various notes of travels in the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society.

A. R. Margary, born in May, 1846, in India, was connected with various services in China and Formosa. In his latest expedition he left Shanghai in August, 1874, and proceeding by way of Yang-tse-kiang and Tung-ting-see, traversed Hunan, Kweitschau, and Yun-nan; on the 15th of February, 1875, arrived at Bhamo, in Burmah. He was then appointed interpreter to the Brown expedition to Yun-nan, and was murdered, with twenty-five servants, on the 21st of February.

George F. Timkowski died in the spring of 1875, at the age of eighty-five. He is best known from his account of travels of the Russian mission through Mongolia to China, and residence in Pekin in 1820 and 1821.

Dr. I. Kowalensky died on the 23d of April at Tiflis. He had been for many years secretary of the Caucasian section of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society, and edited its publications.

Professor K. G. Reuschle, of Stuttgart, died on the 22d of May, at the age of sixty-five. His publications on geography and physics are very numerous.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The opening day of the Centennial draws near. Philadelphians—and others—are counting the days which intervene. And there are none too many. The number grows less with a rapidity which is somewhat alarming to those who fear that things will not be ready in season. Croakers should step back and give place to workers. There is much to be done yet; but the work is being pushed forward with extraordinary speed. A glance at the busy scene within the Centennial grounds would tend to convince the most skeptical that the work is progressing with energetic rapidity. Rumors and reports of all kinds, as to what is to be done and what is not to be done, are floating around, and it is scarcely possible to know what are reliable. Each one is at liberty to believe whatever he pleases, and then, any time after May 10, he can visit the Exhibition and find out the truth for himself. If he lives in New York, he will probably be able to get an excursion ticket to Philadelphia, which will be good for sixty days from the date of sale. If he understands how to manage, he will be likely to find a place in which to sleep, and enough to eat and drink. He will have to pay fifty cents to be admitted to the Centennial grounds, and then he can stay all day if he wishes; but if he goes out, he must stay out, unless he desires to invest another fifty-cent note. If he is there at the opening exercises, he may listen to a grand march composed by Richard Wagner and performed by Theodore Thomas's orchestra; also to an ode; also to a cantata sung by a large choir, and to some brief addresses; and may possibly catch a glimpse of the Emperor of Brazil seated among the distinguished men of our own country. Or he may be so unfortunate on that special occasion as to hear and see—*nothing*. If he makes a point of being present on the Fourth of July, he will hear plenty of noise, no doubt; he *may* also be so fortunate as to hear Mr. Evarts's oration, and Mr. Bayard Taylor's poem, and the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia; but it would be as well to be prepared for some little disappointment in these matters. In short, it may be taken for granted that every one who visits the Centennial Exhibition can hear something—if nothing more than the buzz and hum of Machinery Hall; and can see something—if it be only the great dome of the Art Building. But every body can not hear and see *every thing*; and to bear in mind this simple fact will promote comfort and good humor.

"Jupiter powder"—significant name that!—does not seem to be a desirable neighbor. The article is said to be about the same as "giant powder"—which describes it exactly to those who know what "giant powder" is—and it was manufactured in a factory at Woodlawn Heights, Westchester County. A short time ago one of the workmen, after lighting his pipe, threw down the burning match he had been using. An explosion instantly followed. The young man who caused the disaster was blown out of the window and into fragments, another employé was literally blown to atoms, and a third was so shockingly mutilated that he died soon after in great agony. Others were injured. All this the result of smoking in a building where a dangerous compound was manufactured.

The Mikado of Japan has granted to journalists the right of sending whatever communications they may desire from one part of the empire to the other free of charge.

The ice companies of New York have had their supplies increased by the ice dealers of Maine. They have made large purchases, paying for much of the ice the sum of $2 50 a ton.

What is the use of our people migrating to the Black Hills, and encountering unknown dangers and untold difficulties, when comparatively close at hand there are mines which are believed to be rich in lead, copper, silver, and gold? There is little doubt that valuable minerals exist in the hills of New Hampshire, but whether the veins are worth working can only be ascertained by experiment. But it is surely as safe an experiment to investigate the veins of ore which are known to exist in our own home hills as to rush off to the Rocky Mountains, where Indians and disappointment await many of the eager comers.

The Young Men's Christian Association of New York every week sends magazines and newspapers from their files, free of charge, to twenty-five army posts and naval stations throughout the United States.

We are credibly informed that a "frog opera" is to be given on the 19th and 20th of April, under the supervision of the ladies of the Mount Vernon Aid Society. Does any body inquire, "What is a 'frog opera?'" We suppose it to be a conundrum which can only be solved by attendance at the Union League Theatre on the appointed days.

In England and on the continent of Europe the past season has been unusually severe. In this country it has been exceptionally mild, and it is reported from Iceland that the weather there has been so warm that the mercury has generally ranged, all the winter, between 46° and 50°. Once, however, it fell as low as 26°.

The letter-boxes prepared for the Centennial grounds bear inscriptions in six languages.

The small particles of dust arising from the asphalt in the London skating rinks are said by doctors to be most injurious to the lungs. Skaters necessarily inhale them to a considerable extent.

The house in Paris in which Marat was assassinated by Charlotte Corday is about to be demolished to make way for the Boulevard St. Germain.

The great fire of 1871 swept away every public collection of books in Chicago, and for some time very little was done toward supplying the loss. But within a couple of years measures have been taken for founding and extending a free public library, and now there is a collection of about 46,500 volumes, with a prospect of rapid increase. The citizens of Chicago have seized upon the privileges of the library with avidity, and at the time of the last annual report the average daily circulation was 1500 volumes. About 10,000 volumes have been donated to the library, and last year nearly $28,000 expended for books.

Herr Thomas Zach, the eminent violin maker, has recently visited London, and displayed a fine collection of old Italian violins. Among them was one Stradivarius, which has been with an old family in Italy for nearly a hundred years without being played upon, and is in the same condition as when it came from the great maker's hands in 1715. The unique instrument has been purchased by a Greek amateur at a very high price.

According to letters from an American who is traveling in China, the masses of the people of that country are very poor. The average wages of mechanics and common laborers are from ten to twenty cents a day, but skilled Chinese mechanics are paid by foreigners from twenty-five to seventy-five cents a day. The cost of living to the poor Chinese does not average more than six cents a day; even a wealthy Chinaman does not expend more than five or six dollars a month for food. He is more fond of hoarding his wealth than of spending it. There is a great deal of destitution, suffering, begging, and crime among the masses.

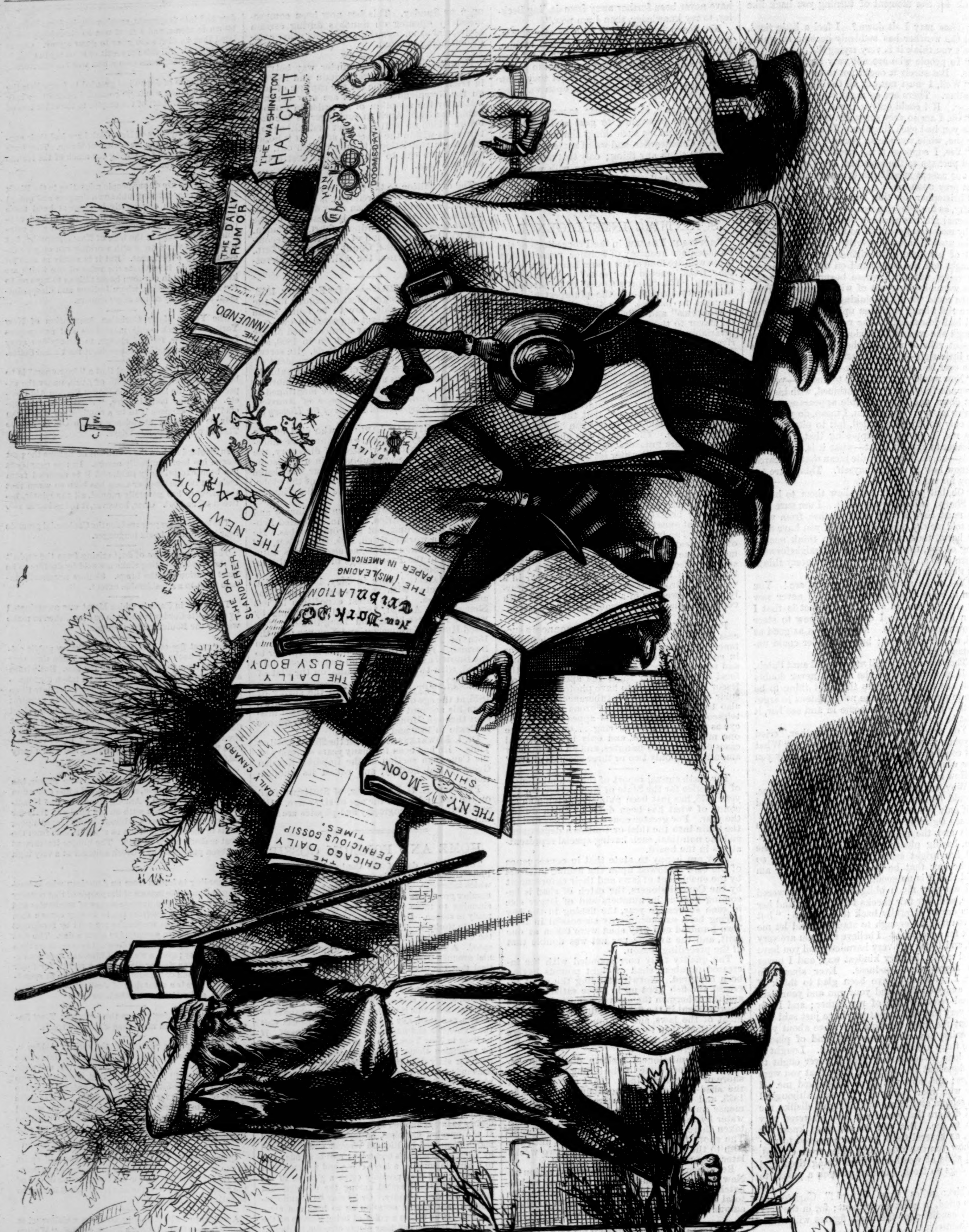
During the last forty years the American Tract Society has distributed more than 40,000,000 tracts.

English papers comment on the case of Ashley *v.* Ashley. It was begun in 1740, when Lord Hardwicke was chancellor. It was reported on in 1792, and slept from that time till November 19, 1875, when it came up before Vice-Chancellor Malins, who ordered it to the Court of Appeals for final adjudication. It was quite delightful to observe that the vice-chancellor wound up his judgment on the point before him with these refreshing words: "Tax and pay the costs of all parties out of the funds in court."

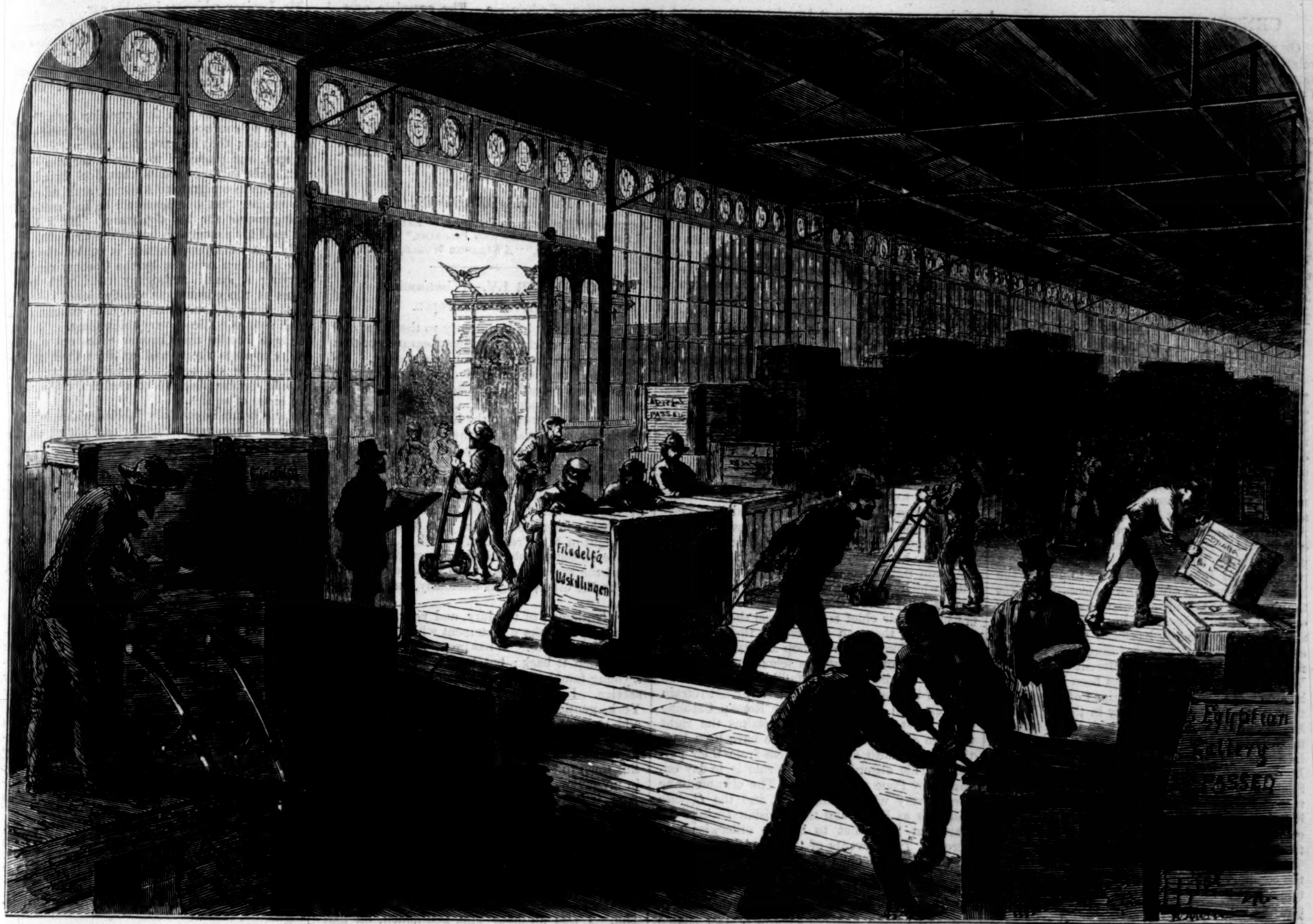
Queen Victoria has announced that she will assist in the projected improvements in Quebec by presenting the city with $50,000 for the construction of one of the proposed city gates, the one for which it is used to be called the Kent Gate.

A resident of Florida being asked by a visitor what people in that State did for a living, replied, "We live on Northern winters most of the time, and do the best we can for the rest of the year."

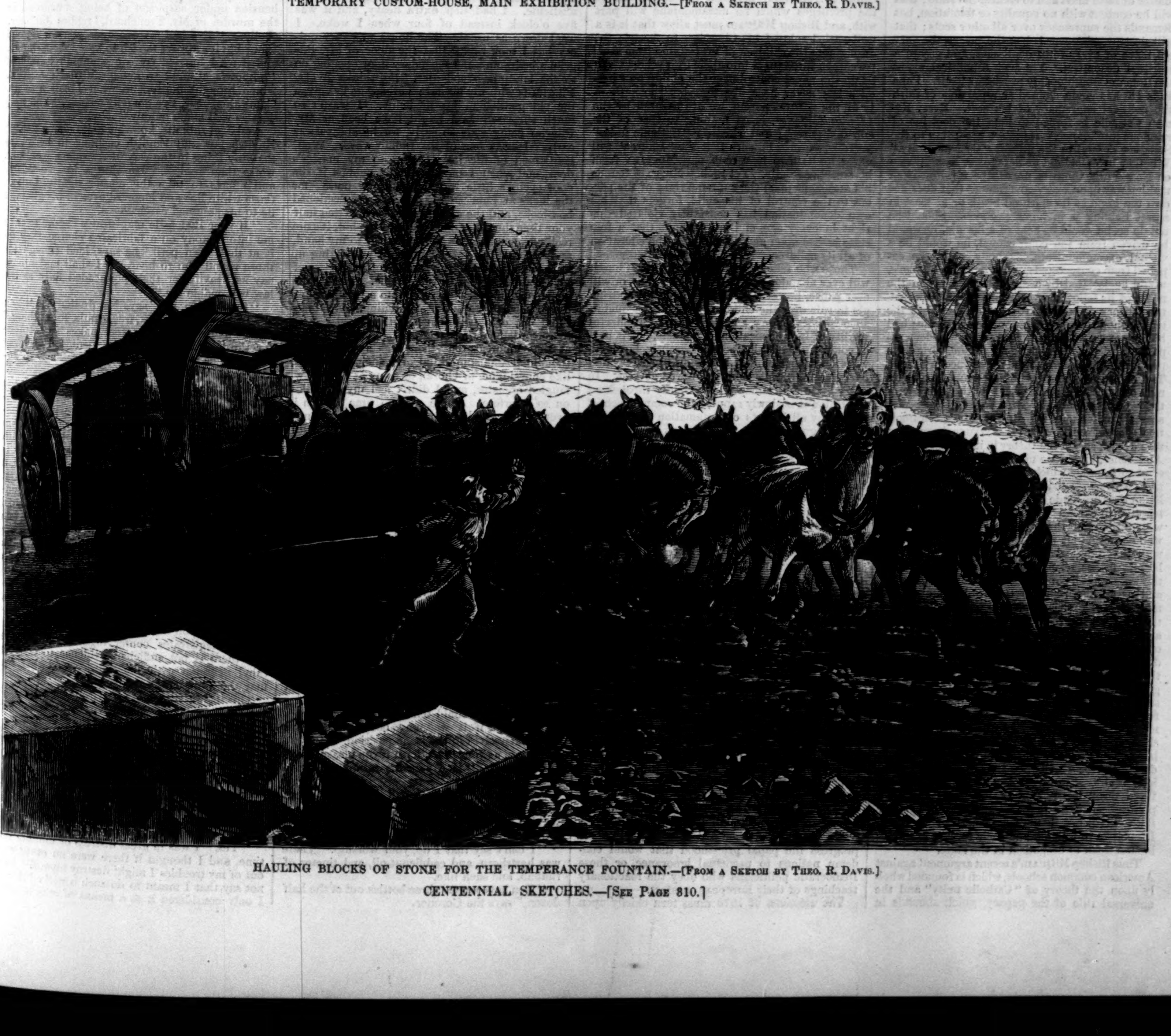
The American District Telegraph, with its army of messenger boys, is a great public convenience; but it should be made known to the public that swindlers are trying to make it the medium of frauds. An order is sent to some merchant or dealer, with a check for payment, and a request that the change be returned to the one who sends the order. And the check proves bogus; but the man—who has of course disappeared promptly—has got the change. Or some article is ordered to be delivered by a messenger boy, but, through some subterfuge, the receiver disappears before the unsuspecting lad realizes the matter. One case may be mentioned definitely as an illustration: An order was sent to the treasurer of a certain ball committee—an entertainment was to be given at the Academy of Music—and a check, drawn in the name of a well-known gentleman of this city, was sent to subscribe for a box for the occasion, but of course for a larger amount than the price fixed by the committee. The rascal was successful in this petty swindle.



DIOGENES STILL LOOKING.—"WE ARE THE GENTLEMEN YOU ARE IN SEARCH OF."



TEMPORARY CUSTOM-HOUSE, MAIN EXHIBITION BUILDING.—[From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.]



HAULING BLOCKS OF STONE FOR THE TEMPERANCE FOUNTAIN.—[From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.]

CENTENNIAL SKETCHES.—[See Page 310.]

CENTENNIAL SKETCHES.

ON page 309 we give two interesting sketches relating to the approaching Centennial Exhibition. The first gives a view of the temporary Custom-house Department, in the northwestern portion of the main Exhibition Building, fitted up for the convenience of exhibitors, who are thus saved the annoyance and delay which would result from opening cases at the regular custom-house, to say nothing of the damage which might possibly be incurred in handling and removing the goods. The officers in charge of this department have from the first rendered active and ready assistance to exhibitors, and have greatly facilitated the work of preparing for the opening. The second sketch shows the process of hauling the huge blocks of stone used in the construction of the great fountain erected by the Catholic Total Abstinence Society at the foot of George's Hill.

OUR PAPAL MASTERS.

THE ultramontane wing of the Democratic party forms probably one-half its strength in most of the Northern States. Neither in Connecticut, New York, Indiana, nor Ohio could its leaders hope to carry any election or exercise any control without the powerful aid of the papal faction. Resolute, earnest, united, driven onward by the resistless impulse from Rome, the ultramontane voters move in a solid company that never wavers in its aim. It seems almost incredible, even with long familiarity, that so large a portion of our constituency should be guided by the commands of a feeble priest sitting in the Vatican and claiming to be a prisoner, that Rome should labor to govern the New World, and so often prove successful. Yet the character of this ultramontane party has never changed for three centuries in the Papal Church, and all modern history has been filled with examples of its fatal intermeddling with the welfare of nations. It is no different in the New World from what it has always been in the Old; it is no more busy in the elections of New York than it was in the last century in the politics of France, or in the seventeenth with the desolation of Germany, or in the sixteenth in the plots and intrigues of the courts of ELIZABETH and MARY. It demands "Catholic unity" from enfeebled Spain in a menacing tone that it does not venture any longer to use to stronger governments: it waits patiently until the nations shall have become weak and dismembered before it attempts to enforce over them its temporal authority.

We who have been so long accustomed only to the complete subjection of the various denominations in all secular matters to the state can scarcely conceive of the notion of a Church that is necessarily a political faction, and that as a matter of faith must aim to control the state; that will be content with no equality or toleration, but demands the supremacy over all other sects; that will destroy, wherever it has the power, the very existence of every form of dissent, and create a spiritual despotism. Yet such a political agent the Roman Church openly proclaims itself. Pope PIUS IX. has again defined as an article of faith the political supremacy of his sect. Every Roman Catholic is forced to hold the doctrine of religious intolerance. He must, according to the Syllabus, defend to the utmost "Catholic unity." Whether in Valladolid or Saragossa, New Mexico or New York, there is no escape for him from making war upon every government that does not own the Pope as its spiritual head, or at least in secret holding it in pious aversion. Should he not do so, he would be held as a heretic, he would be driven from the confessional, he would be a virtual excommunicate, his body would be expelled from consecrated ground, or, like GUIBORD's, would be isolated by a special ceremony in the midst of its fellows. According to the ultramontane theory, it is only from expediency that the true Catholic submits to a non-sectarian rule; had he the power, we are assured by every modern papal authority, he would at once assume a rigid supremacy, and extinguish the prevalence of heresy. The more intelligent or liberal Roman Catholics may attempt to explain or soften the purpose of their Church, and some humane prelates may scarcely understand it. But the whole ultramontane school, from Cardinal MANNING to the most astute Jesuit, accept the theory in its widest bounds. And hence, if they do not openly oppose the governments under which they live, they look upon them with secret dislike or contempt. By their religion they are made politicians. They are banded together to extend "Catholic unity." They speak with disdain of the government and the people who do not admit their principle. They intrigue with that political party which offers them the largest bribes of power. They clamor against the laws they have not been permitted to alter, and assail the republic that fails to obey the mandates of the Church. No one can look over the vast mass of Roman Catholic publications among us—certainly often no inviting task—without being struck with the general discontent and disloyalty of their tone, the eagerness with which they seize upon every event discreditable to a free government, the rude exultation with which they scoff at republican morals and manners, the painful corruption they attribute to republican common schools, the readiness with which they ally themselves with rebellion, the preference they have plainly for a monarchical system, the actual despotism for which they sigh in civil and religious affairs. The prejudices of Europe are diffused through all their speculations; and, as a political party, all Roman Catholics are by their faith ill-disposed toward American freedom. Despotism in religion and their foreign examples incline them to despotism in the state.

Thus Bishop M'QUAID's recent argument against American common schools, which is founded wholly upon the theory of "Catholic unity" and the universal rule of the papacy, which abounds in subtle accusations against American manners and education, which is a pleasant satire upon some of our religious differences, and a delicate though unrefined assault upon all free governments, has been adopted by every ultramontane journal as the proper expression of the opinions of the "Church." No bishop, priest, or Jesuit has condemned its unflattering insinuations or dissented from its theories. We know at last what the ultramontanes propose to do. The bishop tells us they mean a ceaseless agitation for the overthrow of the American educational system. They will never rest until they have schools that are wholly free from the interference of the state, that are perfectly controlled by the papal priests. This is the aim set before the ultramontane section of the Democratic party by the whole authority of the papal priesthood. To enforce obedience, they hold the power of the confessional, of excommunication, and of burial; and the example of GUIBORD shows for what slight infractions of the canonical rules these powers may be exerted, and with what unflinching severity the Papal Church asserts its right of punishment or of vengeance. A fierce mob of ultramontanes beset the graveyard at Montreal to enforce the authority of the bishop, and for a moment it seemed that the power of the government would be defied by the Canadian BECKET in bloodshed and insurrection. It is to be feared that the "agitation" which Bishop M'QUAID advocates will be carried on with no less indiscretion. "The Church, which is commissioned to teach all divine truths with infallible certainty," he asserts, is opposed to American common schools. "Catholic conscience," he claims, should rule in matters of education; the "Catholic and every other parent," he adds, has the plain right of control over his own children, with which the state should never interfere. And it must follow that if the Democratic leaders place their chief reliance upon the ultramontane voters, they can not escape their share in the "agitation" which Bishop M'QUAID promises for the ruin of the common schools. They must enforce the aims of the infallible Church as the price of its undivided support; they must refrain forever from instructing every Roman Catholic child. Yet the Papal Church claims the right to seize all Jewish children who have been baptized in its faith, and tear them from their parents. This absurd and cruel rule is to-day enforced by Pope and Council. The ultramontane press every where defends it, and the *Civilita Cattolica* at Rome and the Parisian *Univers* declared in 1858 that to believe otherwise was heresy. The servants of the Inquisition snatched the MORTARA child from the midst of his terrified brothers and sisters, from the arms of his weeping parents, hid him in the secrecy of well-guarded convents, and scoffed at the remonstrances of the helpless Hebrews. To snatch children from their heretical parents is one of the privileges which no ultramontane will part with, and Bishop M'QUAID must allow that it is a well-settled rule of his Church. In Austria the Jesuits tore the children of Protestants from their parents to force them into their own schools. In Spain the papal control over the children of heretics has never been abandoned. The authority of the natural parent, we are assured by the *Civilita Cattolica*, is as nothing to that of the spiritual parent; and wherever "Catholic unity" prevails, we may be sure that the "Church" will never hesitate to tear each new MORTARA from his weeping family. Yet Bishop M'QUAID founds his argument upon the supreme right of the parent to the control of his child, forgets that his own denomination has constantly violated this right in every age, and is indignant that a free state insists upon and provides for the education of all its children.

Those who fancy that the ultramontane Church will ever abandon any of its favorite aims, or will ever pause, however often defeated, in its struggle to rule over the children, have little acquaintance with its history, and less with the wonderful vitality of its organization. It yields, but is never conquered. It slumbers apparently, but is always on the watch. It labors on in secrecy and darkness, never discouraged, never at rest. In every State and almost every county throughout the Union it is slowly sapping the common-school system by all its arts of defamation or of political intrigue; by the most violent or the most absurd means; by flattery, bribes, insinuations, threats. In New Mexico a Jesuit rules the Legislature and exacts the division of the school fund, in Arizona a Chief Justice lectures against the common schools, and in Oregon the Democracy is forbidden to educate the people; New England is canvassed by an astute prelate, and startled by strange accusations against its teachers and its schools; New York sees its public instruction languish under a Democratic rule; in Connecticut the priests forbid the passage of non-sectarian laws; in Ohio the ultramontanes threaten, intrigue, and are defied and beaten every where. The agitation which Bishop M'QUAID promises will never cease so long as the foreign priesthood can drive their people to the polls to vote with the Democracy, and the Democratic leaders have not sufficient courage to defend the first and chief of American institutions.

In the education of the people alone can we look for reform. Honesty, purity, patriotism, are the natural fruits of minds trained to simple republicanism. To provide trustworthy public officials, the best civil service is the well-managed public school. And far above all the petty contests of partisans, the struggle of factions and of men, will rise in the future the problem of national education. The resolute tendency of the people to advance in all useful knowledge can never be checked; nor will they spare in their progress the papal priesthood that would condemn nations to perpetual ignorance, or those Democratic politicians who obey the reactionary teachings of their European masters.

The elections of 1876 must turn chiefly upon the question of education. The complete overthrow of the ultramontane and reactionary faction among us would best signalize the hundredth anniversary of the nation, and can alone secure a new century of safety and progress for the common schools.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "A STRANGE WORLD," ETC.

CHAPTER LV.—(*Continued.*)

COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.

JOEL PILGRIM looks intently to the other end of the room, watching for the appearance of that witness of whom Mr. Levison has spoken. He starts, and the leaden hue of his countenance takes a more death-like shade when some one calls "Joseph Podmore!"

Podmore advances to the little railed-off space which has been made for the witnesses. He is very pale, and is evidently nervous; but he is perfectly sober.

"Now, Mr. Podmore," says Levison, when a few questions, chiefly repetitive, have been asked by the Coroner, "will you be good enough to state what happened within your knowledge on the night of Mr. Trenchard's death?"

The ex-butler rubs his hands nervously, looks round the assembly, shifts his balance from one foot to the other, coughs dubiously, and then begins:

"Gentlemen of the jury, and your worship, I am about to make a statement which I ought to have made before. It has preyed upon my mind havin' kep' it back; but I am a pore man, with a young fambly dependent upon my exertions in service. I was ackshally on my way to New York, gentlemen of the jury and your honor, and had got as far on my voyage as Liverpool, when the facks in question preyed upon my mind to that degree that I felt I must come back to this town to reveal them. I hope this will plead in my favor, your worship and gentlemen of the jury, if there is any irregularity in my not having made this revelation sooner."

"The man is drunk or mad!" cries Joel, savagely.

"The man is sober to-day, Mr. Pilgrim," says the Coroner. "Go on, Mr. Podmore."

"The statement I have to make relates to the night of my master's death, the night of June 23d. I was an hour late, gentlemen, on that night in going down stairs to give my master his medicine. I had slep' extra heavy, and it was five o'clock instead of four when I woke. I went down as usual. The house was very quiet; but I took notice that the door of Mr. Pilgrim's bedroom—the secondary door opening on to the landing—stood ajar. So, thinks I, Mr. Pilgrim is with my master; perhaps he has given the old gentleman his medicine. I wasn't so much surprised as I might have been at Mr. Pilgrim being astir so early, for he always was early. It was one of his Indian ways. Well, gentlemen of the jury, I goes to my master's door, and when I puts my hand against it, the door opens a little way, without any noise; for the locks at Lancaster Lodge are old-fashioned box-locks, and the catches give way, so that half your time though a door looks to be shut, it's not really fastened. The door gave way to my hand, and I looked in. Mr. Trenchard was sitting up in bed, and Mr. Pilgrim was opening a bottle of soda-water on the dressing-table. I saw him pour some of the soda-water into a tumbler, and then I saw him, quick as lightening, pour something out of a bottle in his other hand. As I live, gentlemen of the jury, it didn't strike me at that moment that there was any harm. I thought it was some kind of medicine or drops, like choraldyne, or choral, or some of those new-fangled oppiates, and I didn't feel myself called on to interfere. There was no time to turn it over in my mind, you see: there wasn't a moment between Mr. Pilgrim's pouring the stuff into the glass and his handing the glass to my master. Mr. Trenchard drank it off at a draught. It weren't above a third of a bottle of soda-water. He sat for an instant bolt-upright, his eyes straining out of his head and glassy; then he gave one long gasp, and fell back on his pillow, purple in the face, as if you'd clutched him by the throat and strangled him. I rushed into the room, and lifted him up in my arms. I thought at first he was in a fit; but when I stooped over him I smelt a sharp, strong smell like bitter almonds, and then I knew it was prussic acid. 'What have you given him?' I asked. But Mr. Pilgrim made no answer. 'You've killed him,' I said, and then he told me that it was accident. He had taken the wrong bottle. He had taken a bottle of prussic acid which Mr. Trenchard kept in his medicine chest, among other drugs, instead of choral. He seemed in a dreadful state of mind. I couldn't help feeling for him. Who could tell whether it wasn't accident? and, if it was, any body might have found theirselves in the same position."

"Spare us your reflections, if you please," says the Coroner. "Had your master any medicine chest in his room?"

"Yes; there was a small box, with about half a dozen bottles in partitions."

"Do you know one of these bottles to have contained prussic acid in any form whatever?"

"I can't say that I do, your worship. There was hartshorn, and caddleput-oil, and tincter of rhubub, and such like."

"You have named three bottles out of the half dozen," says the Coroner.

Mr. Levison whispers into his ear.

"Yes, that would be best," says the Coroner, and he beckons one of the men in attendance and dispatches him on some errand.

"Did Mr. Pilgrim offer you money to hold your tongue about what you had seen?" asked the Coroner.

Podmore fences with this question for a little, but ends by confessing that Joel Pilgrim did offer him money; that he gave him twenty pounds on the spot, and promised to provide for him hereafter. He further admits that Joel had instigated him to emigrate to America, and had given him neither rest nor peace till he had made all arrangements for his departure. Mr. Pilgrim had paid his passage on board the *Oronoko*.

By the time this question is settled the man who has been sent out by the Coroner returns, carrying a small mahogany case, with brass plates at the corners, an old-fashioned case divided into six compartments, each containing a small square bottle of very thick glass.

These bottles the Coroner takes out one by one, examines them, and exhibits them to the jury. The six bottles contain hartshorn, sal volatile, opium, tincture of rhubarb, cajeput-oil, and sirup of squills.

Each bottle is carefully labeled with a label in Stephen Trenchard's handwriting pasted on the glass.

"Gentlemen," says the Coroner, "I think we have now arrived at a stage in this inquiry when a further adjournment will be necessary. It will be as well to give time for the inquiry which is going on before the magistrate."

There is a little consultation, and the jury are dismissed.

White to the very lips, Joel Pilgrim turns to Colonel Stormont with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders.

"Was there ever any thing so absurd as the manner of this inquiry?" he asks. "There is actually a premium offered for perjury! This man Secretan has had ample time to bribe any number of false witnesses. What more easy than for him to get up this story, and pay the housekeeper and butler for perjuring themselves?"

Colonel Stormont makes no reply. He feels rather uncomfortable in Mr. Pilgrim's neighborhood after the butler's evidence. The story may be a tissue of lies, woven by Sibyl's husband; but, on the other hand, it is as likely to be true—and that dark face of Joel Pilgrim's tells strange tales.

There is a general move toward the door. Mr. Pilgrim is about to pass out with the rest, when a hand is laid upon his shoulder, and Mr. Judbury, the detective officer, takes possession of him.

"What do you mean by this?" asks Joel, indignantly.

"Only that I have a warrant for your apprehension under suspicion of being concerned in the murder of Mr. Trenchard," replies Judbury, coolly. "I've had my eye upon you for a good time; but it's always foolish to hurry these things, and if we'd hurried you we shouldn't have had Podmore's attempt to get away to New York, which brought matters to what I call a focus. Come along, Sir, I've got a fly outside. You may just as well come quietly."

And Joel submits, knowing quite enough about English law and English customs to be aware that any thing in the way of resistance would be worse than useless. He shrugs his shoulders, and affects to take the matter lightly, though those white lips and haggard eyes of his give the lie to his assumed carelessness.

"If your Redcastle magistrates choose to take me into custody on a fabricated charge, they do it at their own peril," he says, loud enough for those round him to hear. "I shall make them pay as heavily for their pig-headed folly as the law will enable me."

"Step inside, Sir," says Mr. Judbury. "You shall have plenty of law, free, gratis, for nothing."

The fly drives off, and Joel makes his entrance for the first time under that mediæval archway whose gates were opened just a week ago to admit Sibyl.

There is a further examination before the magistrates next day. The same witnesses repeat the same evidence. Mr. Levison cross-questions, and is unusually active. Joel Pilgrim sits in the seat of the accused, side by side with Sibyl. He is defended—or rather, the case is watched for him—by a rival of Mr. Levison's, a gentleman equal in renown in the criminal courts. Further details are extorted from Podmore under this cross-firing of interrogation; but Joel Pilgrim's solicitor strives in vain to shake one iota of his testimony. If this be perjury, there never was a more accomplished perjurer, or a false witness that held more firmly to the lesson he had learned.

When the examination of witnesses is concluded, Mr. Levison addresses the magistrates, and urges that his client shall be dismissed without a stain upon her character.

The magistrates confer together, and agree that there is not sufficient evidence to connect Sibyl Secretan with the murder, and that she may therefore be set at liberty.

This being done, Mr. Levison suggests that she shall be placed in the witness-box, and examined as to her possession of the prussic acid.

Pale, and trembling a little, Sibyl takes the necessary oath upon the small black book, and waits to answer the magistrate's questions.

"You have heard your sister's evidence as to your abstraction of the prussic acid from the bottle in your uncle's surgery?"

"Yes."

"Do you admit the truth of that statement?"

"Yes. I was in great distress of mind at the time, and I thought if there were no other way out of my troubles I might destroy myself. I do not say that I meant to do such a wicked thing. I only considered it as a means of release from

my difficulties—open to me at the very last extremity."

"And you took the prussic acid with that idea?"

"Yes."

"You had no other design whatever in taking it?"

"None whatever."

"Did Mr. Pilgrim know that you had this poison in your possession?"

"He did."

"How did that happen?"

"Am I obliged to answer this question?" asked Sibyl.

"Yes; it is positively necessary for you to tell us every thing relating to your possession of this prussic acid."

"It had been arranged by my uncle Trenchard that Mr. Pilgrim and I were to be married. My uncle did not know that I was married already. He had a prejudice against my husband's family, and I had been so foolish as to keep my marriage secret from him. Mr. Pilgrim went to York to obtain the license, and we were to have been married on the Saturday, the day on which I left Lancaster Lodge. I made up my mind to run away at the last rather than to tell Mr. Trenchard about my marriage. It was a cowardly act, I dare say, but I had deceived him so long that I feared his anger on hearing the truth."

"How does this bear upon Mr. Joel Pilgrim's knowing about the prussic acid?"

"I am coming to that. It was on the night of his return from York with the marriage license. He came up to my little sitting-room late that night, between ten and eleven, and told me about the license. He had been dining, and he seemed in very high spirits."

"Do you mean that he was intoxicated?"

"Oh no; he was only a little more excited than usual. He talked a good deal about our marriage, and for the first time in his life he tried to kiss me. I showed him the prussic acid bottle, and told him that I would sooner poison myself than let him touch my lips. He was very angry, and he told me that prussic acid was a dangerous thing for a woman to carry about her, and that I was playing with edged tools."

"Did he take the bottle from you?"

"No."

"What became of the bottle after that?"

"I really can't tell. My intention was to put it back into my pocket, but I was very much flurried at this time. I may have left it on the table among the books and other things. There were a great many things on the table."

"When did you miss the bottle?"

"Not till I was in London, when it recurred to my memory. I searched my pocket for it, but it was not to be found."

"Were you wearing the same dress you had on upon the evening when you showed Mr. Pilgrim the bottle?"

"Yes. It is the dress I am wearing now."

This is all. The inquiry is again adjourned.

The inquiry before the Coroner is concluded next day; the verdict, willful murder against Joel Pilgrim. The inquiry before the magistrates is concluded the day after by Joel Pilgrim's committal for trial on the capital charge.

CHAPTER LVI.

"A DARK TALE DARKLY FINISHED."

Sibyl is free once more. She has been in durance scarcely a fortnight, yet it is a new thing for her to come out into the light of day, and feel that she is at liberty to go where she pleases. It is a wondrous and a strange relief to know that the awful suspicion which has been hanging over her, separating her from all the rest of the world, is removed. But her first anxiety is to escape from Redcastle. The place has become hateful to her. She knows that the eyes of those who once flattered and courted her have been turned upon her in cold, unpitying curiosity, that of all her summer friends not one has remained true to her in the hour of adversity; and she is eager to get beyond ken of those cold, hard faces, beyond the sound of those false voices, which have spoken her fairly in the day of prosperity, and kept silence when she had need of comfort.

"I have no one but you, Alex," she says, humbly; "no one but you and dear old Uncle Robert. I wonder that you are both so good to me."

She goes straight from the court to Dr. Faunthorpe's house, and is curiously gentle and affectionate in her demeanor to her uncle and the two girls. Marion plunges into vehement hysterics at sight of her elder sister, and, on recovering from that attack, embraces Sibyl warmly, and is more demonstrative of sisterly affection than she has been for a long time. She is far more kindly disposed toward Sibyl, penniless, and the mark of the world's scorn, than she ever felt toward the supposed heiress to Stephen Trenchard's wealth. As for Jenny, she goes fairly mad, hugs her sister to desperation, is very proud of her own performance in the witness-box, and finally rushes out to the kitchen to ask Hester to make hot cakes for tea. No one who has not eaten Yorkshire cakes, and seen them made and baked in a Yorkshire kitchen, by a brisk and energetic Yorkshire housewife, can have a just idea of the celerity with which this operation can be performed.

But on this particular evening Sibyl is far too languid to be tempted into injuring her digestion by the consumption of hot buttered cakes. She sits in a corner of the old parlor sofa, and takes her cup of tea in pensive silence, and the anxious little doctor sees that the events of the last few months have had a destroying influence upon his favorite niece's health and beauty. He creeps close beside her, and feels her pulse. It is quick and irregular.

"You want rest, my love," he says; "you must stay with us for a few weeks in your old room, and let me doctor you, and Hester nurse you, till you get strong again."

"I like my old room, Uncle Robert, and I love to be with you; but I hate Redcastle. I should never get well here. Let me go with my husband to his new home, if he will have me."

She looks pleadingly at Alexis, and sees that she has been forgiven.

"My home is yours, Sibyl, and I will take you there as soon as you are free to go. But I think you had better accept your uncle's hospitality for a little while, as your evidence will be required for Mr. Pilgrim's trial."

"What?" asks Sibyl, "is it not all over?"

"No, my love; the trial has to come yet, and the witnesses examined by the Coroner and magistrate will have to repeat their evidence."

"How dreadful!" sighs Sibyl.

"It's an ordeal to be gone through, my love; but when that is over we shall be free to go to Cheswold Grange, and all our troubles will be over, I hope. And before the summer is ended your uncle and your sisters must come and pay us a visit in Hampshire."

"That will be delightful!" cries Jenny, rapturously. "Have you a nice garden?"

"A glorious old garden, Jenny, with about a mile of wall fruit. Such plums and peaches!"

"A nursery for English cholera," says the doctor.

"And there's a pony, Jane—you'd like that, I think," observes Alexis.

"Shouldn't I just!"

"But before you come to Cheswold Grange I should like you to cure yourself of one bad habit, Jane. I won't mention it before company, but if you recall to your mind a certain interview between a gentleman and a young lady, I dare say you will understand what I mean."

Jenny blushes vehemently, remembering that little romance about Mrs. Yokohama Gray.

So all is forgiveness and peace in the shabby old house at the end of the town; and Alexis, touched to the heart by his wife's contrition, and by those sad eyes of hers which have a weary look that tells of suffering borne and hidden, feels that his old love for her is not quite dead, and that, after all, faulty though she has been, she is the woman he would choose to sit by his fireside in the old house at Cheswold.

Alexis returns to his hotel that evening, where there is much talk of Joel Pilgrim and his arrest. No one has any doubt of his guilt, and many go so far as to affirm that they have been convinced of it from the first, and have declared their convictions to their friends and acquaintance. These, being called upon to bear witness to this fact, answer meanly that they don't exactly remember; that such opinions may have been expressed; but that they fail to recall them. In any case, Joel is prejudged in Redcastle, and there is a wonderful reaction about Sibyl, who is exalted into a heroine and martyr, as if to have been wrongfully suspected was equivalent to having performed some great and noble action. Mrs. Stormont calls for the first time in her life at the shabby old house at the lower end of the town, and leaves quite a packet of cards for Dr. Faunthorpe and his nieces, and one of the Colonel's cards for the special benefit of Mr. Secretan, for it has become known to Redcastle that Alexis has a pretty little estate in Hampshire, and is by no means that fortuneless adventurer he was supposed to be on his first appearance upon the Redcastle stage.

Every body is eager for the trial, and there is a great deal of speculation as to the exact date at which it will "come on," and who will be the Crown lawyer, and who will defend the accused. Before midnight there runs a rumor that Pilgrim has secured the famous Vallentyne for his defender, and there is an idea that he will get off.

"A clever counsel could shake the butler's evidence, make the jury disbelieve him altogether, perhaps; and without his evidence how are they to bring the crime home to Pilgrim?" ask the knowing ones.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL, 1876.

Saturday, 15.—Easter-Even.
Sunday, 16.—Easter-Day.
Sunday, 23.—First Sunday after Easter.
Tuesday, 25.—St. Mark, the Evangelist.
Sunday, 30.—Second Sunday after Easter.

MAY.

Monday, 1.—St. Philip and St. James.
Sunday, 7.—Third Sunday after Easter.
Sunday, 14.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.
Sunday, 21.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday, 25.—Ascension-day.
Sunday, 28.—Sunday after Ascension.
Monday, 1.—General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore; General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, Atlanta, Georgia.
Thursday, 18.—General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn; Southern Presbyterian General Assembly, Savannah, Georgia.
Wednesday 24.—General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.

Mr. Moody's Convention of Christian Workers, which opened in the Hippodrome March 29, was attended by 3350 pastoral and lay delegates from all parts of the Union. New York State was largely represented. In addition to the delegates, many other persons were present, making altogether a congregation that filled the large hall. The topics discussed were of the most practical kind, and were treated in the most direct fashion. After a brief opening address, Mr. Moody, as he has done on like occasions before, invited the delegates to ask questions, promising to answer them as well as he could. The readiness, good sense, and wit of his replies made the exercises very lively. Defining "evangelistic" services to mean the proclamation of the Gospel, as distinguished from teaching or "edification," he counseled that they should be free, not formal, short, and as varied as possible.

Some of the sentences which fell from his lips while under the fire of questioning have the conciseness and edge of aphorisms: "The point is to make the good time come any way—they have no calendar in heaven;" "Three men can move any town," etc. The second day of the Convention was, if possible, more interesting than the first. In the morning Mr. Sankey made an address, which was full of good sense, on the "Christian service of song." He advocated congregational singing, choirs composed wholly of decided Christians, and variety in hymns and tunes. He stated that 5,000,000 copies of the Moody and Sankey hymn-book have been sold in England, and that it has been translated into many foreign languages. A distinction was drawn by him between hymns of praise and sermons in song, which explains his own practice of solo singing. He said: "There are hymns that preach and teach the Gospel. Every prayer that has been made on this platform has been a request to God to bless the hymns of praise. There is no praise in such hymns, for instance, as 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.' That is not praise, but the preaching of the Gospel in song, and that is what I mean by solo singing." In the afternoon the topics, "How shall we get hold of non-church-goers?" and "What more shall we do for our young men?" were discussed. Mr. Moody closed the Convention with an address which made a profound impression on all present.

Dr. Henry M. Field, of New York, who writes, at the latest advices, from India, is of the opinion that the exuberant hospitality shown to the Prince of Wales by the native Indian rulers is no indication either of an increase of their loyalty or of a relaxation of their prejudice against Christianity. He observes very pertinently that these same rajahs who have built palaces wherein to receive the Prince, and have spread before him sumptuous banquets, "still do not themselves sit down at the table; they will not eat even with their royal guest, and count his touch of food, and even his shadow falling upon it, a pollution."

The Protestant Episcopal church in the city of Rome was dedicated with much ceremony on the 25th of March. Bishop Littlejohn, of the diocese of Long Island, officiated. The bishops of Peterborough and Gibraltar of the English Church, the American minister and the British embassador, and numerous clergymen, were present.

A preacher going armed into the pulpit is an unusual style for the United States, at least since the period of the first settlement of New England; but it is the style adopted by the Rev. D. J. M'Millan, a Presbyterian home missionary in Utah. His field of labor is about 150 miles south of Salt Lake City, and includes the town of Mount Pleasant. Here he has encountered the bitter opposition of the heads of the Mormon Church. They would not permit the Mormon carpenters to make seats and desks for Mr. M'Millan's school. Mr. M'Millan made the seats and desks himself. Brigham Young and the twelve apostles then held a two days' mass-meeting in Mount Pleasant for the purpose of warning the people against the Presbyterian preacher. They charged him with being "a corrupt and dissolute character," and called on their people to sign a pledge not to send their children to his school. Still the children came. Threats of violence were next made, to which the minister very properly replied that he would preach wherever the American flag floated. "Carrying his life in his hands," says a correspondent of the *Evangelist*, "he goes thoroughly armed, even carrying his weapons into the pulpit—like Cromwell, trusting in Providence and keeping his powder dry." This is true courage; but is it not time that the laws of the United States were enforced in Utah?

News of the "great revival" comes up from all parts of the country. One Methodist Conference—the Central Pennsylvania—reports six thousand accessions. Individual churches report forty, fifty, and some a hundred or more of members added. The results appear in all parts of the Union; nor are they confined to any one denomination. The number of members gained, when aggregated in the reports made to the spring Conferences, Conventions, and Assemblies, will make a sum total greater than has been known for a number of years.

The newly elected President of Ecuador, Antonio Borrero, has written a letter to the Pope in which he sets forth his entire devotion to the Holy See. He assumes "the obligation of respecting and causing to be duly respected the Catholic religion, and of preserving to the Church the just liberty of which she has need for the exercise of her ministry, in lending to her, with loyalty and firmness, the support of authority" which the nation has placed in his hands. This means that no other religion will be tolerated, and that the state will be governed in the interests of the Church.

At the anniversary of the California Bible Society, which was held in San Francisco during the month of March, an address was delivered by Fung Affoo, a native of Canton, China, who was educated in Washington, D. C. According to his report, the heathen and Christian Chinamen in California meet at times to debate the question of the truth of Christianity.

While Messrs. Whittle and Bliss were in Mobile they held union services among the colored people, who came in crowds to hear. They especially enjoyed Mr. Bliss's songs.

The Wesley Memorial Church, now building in Savannah, where John Wesley spent a part of his early ministry, is now so far finished as to be ready for roofing. It will contain a memorial room, for the custody of books, pictures, and other relics of Wesley and his work.

The temperance revival continues to spread through Massachusetts. The most active organizer of the "reform clubs" is Dr. H. A. Reynolds, who has a strong hold on reformed drinkers. As many as 13,000 reformed men have been organized in clubs by him in Eastern Massachusetts. The churches and Ladies' Christian Unions co-operate actively with him.

The revival in Amherst College has grown to be as pervasive as that at Princeton. A correspondent of the *Congregationalist* writes to that paper that, "Of the Junior class, which numbers over seventy, about sixty attend the class meetings regularly; and Saturday, Sunday, and Thursday evenings find the chapel filled to overflowing." On March 20 two very effective sermons were preached to the students by Dr. Taylor, of New York.

Bishop Keener, of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, writes from Mexico a very encouraging account of the progress of Protestant missions in that republic. Mr. Hutchinson, the Presbyterian superintendent, reports forty points at which he is operating. The Southern Methodist Church in the capital has seventy members; it owns $18,000 of property, and has seven pastoral charges. The Methodist Episcopal Church has, in all Mexico, fourteen preaching places, eight Spanish and seven American preachers, $63,500 of property, and a printing-press. The Protestant Episcopal Church is also well organized and prosperous.

Dr. B. H. Englers, of Mount St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, makes, in a letter to the *Catholic Review*, the admission that there are unexceptionable Protestant school-books. "Many good and sound text-books," he writes, "have been prepared by Protestant educators, against which there can not be a shadow of objection." He admits, too, that Catholic educators have not the specific training nor the leisure for the preparation of books, and in this respect contrasts their position with that of Protestant teachers. What sense there can be in Roman Catholic annotations on Cicero and Horace, or Homer and Sophocles, it is difficult to see. The Church might naturally object to all study of the Latin and Greek classics; for it was the revival of ancient learning that overthrew the schoolmen, and prepared the way for the Protestant Reformation. Dr. Englers insists, however, that Roman Catholics should have their own text-books in history, natural science, and geography. Are there Catholic and Protestant affinities in chemistry? And has the "Church" found heresy cropping out in the rocks?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Rev. Edward Irving, minister of the National Scotch Church in London, once managed to inveigle into his church, by talking to him about leather, a cobbler who professed infidelity. Irving's father was a tanner, and his acquaintance with leather was of old standing. "What do ye ken aboot leather?" was the first word from the cobbler that indicated a breach in his impregnable disdain of the clergy. As the discourse advanced, the shoe-maker exclaimed, "Odds, ye are a decent kind of a fellow! Do ye preach?" Finally he was induced to go to church, and he defended himself for so doing by pronouncing the opinion on Irving: "He's a sensible man—he kens aboot leather."

A friend of ours knows a woman so cross-eyed that when she weeps tears from her left eye, they drop on her right cheek.

Something of a Wag—A dog's tail.

Joe hates a hypocrite. It shows
Self-love is not a fault of Joe's.

One for Teacher.—A little girl braids the hair of one who sits in front of her, instead of studying, when the teacher remarks, "Home is the place for arranging the hair, not here. What would you think of my braiding my hair in school?" Presently Susan's hand is raised, and the teacher, supposing she wishes to ask some question about the lesson, nods, when she hears the following: "Mary says your hair is false, and that you wouldn't dare to do it here."

The extreme height of misery is a small boy with a new pair of boots and no mud puddle.

The first Man who ever went round the World—The man in the moon.

An English doctor, traveling in the East, was excessively anxious to increase his reputation at home by learning certain native methods of treating disease, of which he had heard wonders. On one occasion, when on the confines of the Great Desert, he asked an old sheik, "What do you do with sick people, when they can't sleep?" He received the very practical reply, "We set them to watch the camels."

Suspended Animation—A spider hanging at the end of a web.

Detroit husbands and wives sometimes—once in a great many years—have disputes. The other day when a Beech Street couple were holding an angry argument, the husband raised his hands, and exclaimed, "O Consistency, thou art a jewel!" The wife at once broke down, and as she sobbed, she gasped out, "You saw her at the opera, I suppose; but if she had to split wood, wash dishes, and take care of six children, she wouldn't look any better'n I do—boo-hoo!"

Beware of Widows.—When a widow presses your hand and tells you how she has made four dozen clothes-pegs last her twelve years, and she droops her eyes and says a paper of pins lasts three years, and she looks up and smiles a rosy smile, how on earth is a fellow to break away and leave that house and convince himself that she loves him only for his wealth?

A Round of Pleasure—A promenade concert.

What is that which flies high, lies low, has no feet, and yet wears shoes?—Dust.

"And canst thou always love me thus, Alfred," she murmured, "even when age has crept upon me and left his traces here?" There was a pause on his part, but it was only momentary, when he replied, in a tone of deep remonstrance, "Can a duck swim?"

A railway accident lately occurred, caused by the axle of a tender giving way, which detained a train several hours. A lady inquired of a gentleman passenger why it was so delayed, he gravely replied, "Madam, it was occasioned by what is often followed by serious consequences—the sudden breaking of a tender attachment."

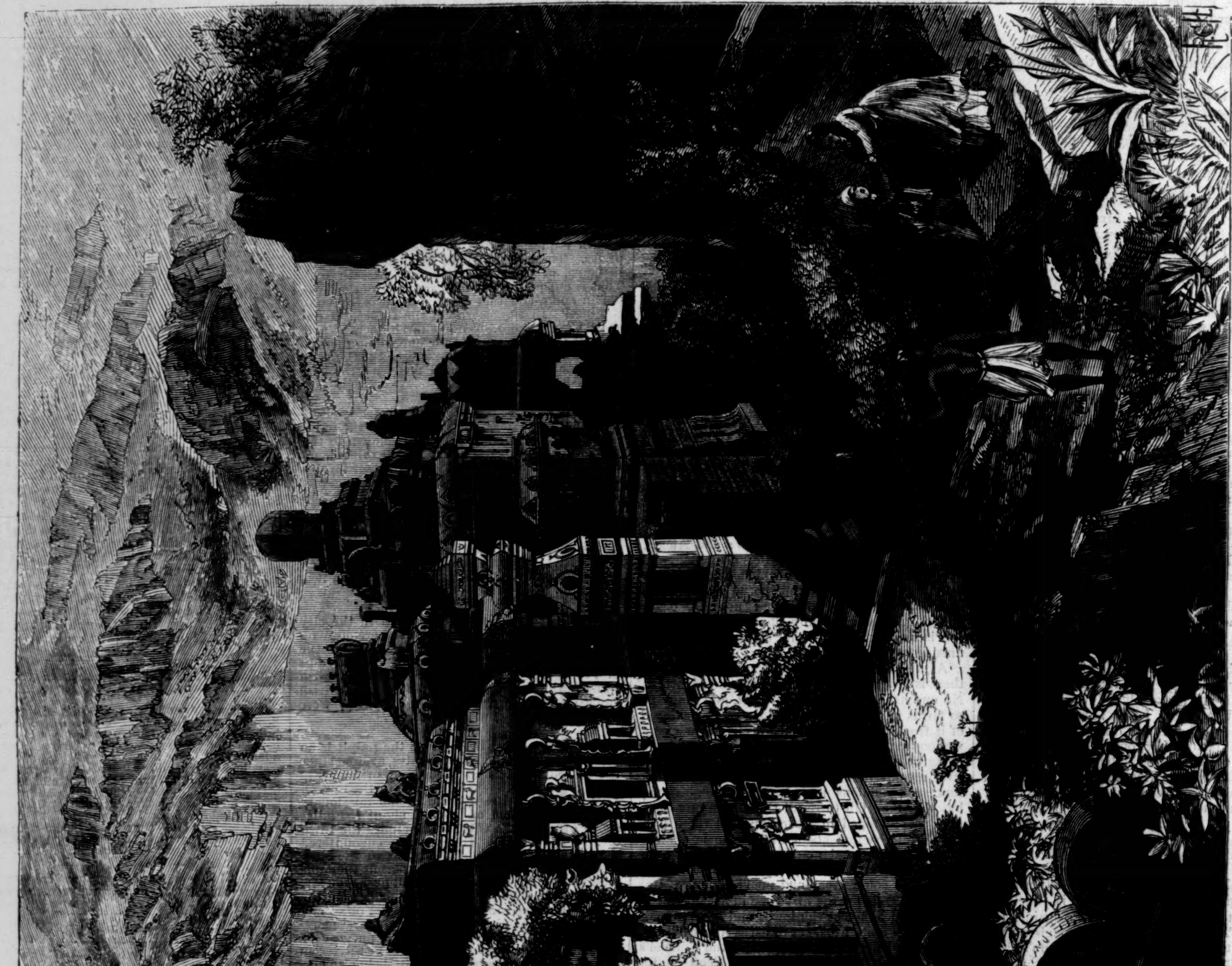
Any Excuse better than None.—A toper says he would be a temperance man in a minute if it wasn't for his wife. He knows she'd be lonesome if she hadn't something to jaw about and find fault with.

Mrs. Malaprop says she knows who the Alpine glacier is. He is a foreigner who carries a lump of putty in his hand and a pane of glass under his arm.

THE CAVES OF ELLORA.

The rock-cut temples of Ellora are scarcely less remarkable than those of Elephanta. Ellora is about 180 miles from Bombay, in the dominions of the Nizam of Hyderabad. A series of vast halls and galleries, decorated with a profusion of sculptures, has been here cut out of the black or gray basaltic rock of a mountain. This was done about nine hundred years ago, by order of the Rajah Elu, in honor of the Hindoo deities, but more especially of Siva or Mahadeo. The surface of the rock was coated with chunam, a fine hard plaster resembling porcelain, and was painted of divers colors.

One of the most interesting of the rock temples of Ellora is the Kailas, which means the heaven of Siva or Mahadeo. This temple is an exception among the rock excavations of Western India. The others are all cave temples; but the Kailas is a mass of rock cut out of the hill-side, and then sculptured in the form of a built temple. The importance of the work may be judged of by its size. The hill has been cut into as far back as 400 feet; the temple itself is 300 feet long. The width of space between the scarps on each side is 185 feet; the highest part of the temple is about 100 feet high. The temple consists of a great hall, with a sanctum at the eastern end for the symbol of Mahadeo. This is, of course, the principal part of the shrine. The hall is about 66 feet long by 55 feet wide, and 16 or 17 feet high. One might say that the roof is supported by four rows of pillars, but where roof and pillars are all one piece of rock, left by excavation, the propriety of the word "support" becomes doubtful. In front of the great hall is the house of Nandi, the Bull, which is the wahan, that is to say, the steed, of Siva. It is always placed facing the symbol of the god. In front of this again, and over the entrance, is the Naubat-khana, or music gallery, where in former times, when the place was frequented by votaries, the great drum would be beaten. The passage into the temple has turns, after entering, to the right and left. On each side formerly stood an elephant; the one on the north still remains, though mutilated. There are also two square columns, which probably were surmounted by the trisul or trident of Siva. The colonnades round the base of the scarps are covered with sculptures of the Hindoo mythology. Over the north colonnade is a very fine rock-cut temple, known as the Lanka Cave; over the south colonnade is another, called the Pir Lanka, and a bridge once communicated with it from the great hall of the Kailas, but this has been broken down, and the cave can not now be reached without a ladder. The illustration is taken from the southern side, and shows this broken bridge.



THE KAILAS, IN THE CAVE TEMPLES OF ELLORA, WESTERN INDIA.

ON A RIVER STEAMER, INDIA.—"CHARR-OO-OO-T—FOUR FEET!"

AN INDIA RIVER STEAMER.

THE river navigation of India, even where steamboats have superseded the native barges, rafts, and canoes, presents many features of strange and picturesque interest to the European or American traveler. Passing through the populated districts, the attention is constantly attracted by the peculiar style of secular and religious architecture along the banks—the temples with their curious ornamentation, the strange dwellings, and the elaborate flights of steps reaching down to the water, almost always crowded with a swarm of dusky human beings. Leaving the towns, the traveler is struck by the flat and sterile country, the flocks of strange-looking birds, and the various forms of animal life, the most curious among the latter being the huge and blood-thirsty crocodiles. These remarkable reptiles, so alarming to those unaccustomed to seeing them, flourish in abundance along the marshy tracts on each side of the rivers of India. Their huge and distended jaws, armed with rows of enormous teeth, planted in distinct sockets, have such a formidable appearance that the traveler, although safe in a boat, shudders at what Silas Wegg calls their smile.

But not the least part of the fascination of such a trip centres in the vessel itself. Called by courtesy river steamers, these remarkable craft bear but little resemblance to the floating palaces with which we are so familiar in our own country. A section of one of them is shown in our engraving on this page. Mounted high in the bow is one of the native boatmen, who contributes his part to the management of the vessel. The steamer is passing a portion of the river where the channel is tortuous and obstructed by sand bars, so that a constant watch must be kept to prevent running aground. For this purpose a man is stationed in the bow to take soundings. But instead of the lead commonly used by European and American sailors, he holds a long bamboo rod, with which he measures the depths of the shallow water. This, of course, necessitates very slow motion on the part of the vessel, as a moderately rapid course would wrest the rod from his hand, or perhaps break it. It seems curious

that an ancient custom like this should still prevail in a country that has yielded somewhat to modern improvement, but the Hindoos are a conservative race, and any departures from the habits of their ancestors seem to them like sacrilegious innovations that should not be tolerated by the faithful. Especially would the introduction of such a heathen invention as the line and plummet into the sacred waters of the Ganges be deprecated.

This principal river of India rises on the southern declivity of the northern chain of the Himalaya Mountains, and after a course of eight hundred miles issues from the lower range into the open country. From thence it winds toward the sea, having a length of fifteen hundred miles between its source and outlet. As a whole, the Ganges is incapable of being definitely described. It varies not merely from season to season, but from year to year. It is constantly exchanging old passages for new ones, particularly in the alluvial basin of its lower sections. Even as far up as Futtehpoor, immediately above Allahabad, this characteristic is remarkably exemplified. The river has in this part a bed of the average width of four miles, within the limits of which it changes its course annually, in the lapse of four or five years shifting from the one limit to the other. Between season and season the fluctuations in width are still more conspicuous.

The Ganges is navigable for a long distance from the sea. River craft can proceed the whole way to Hurdwar, passenger steamers to within a hundred miles of the mountains, and loaded barges as far as Cawnpore, which is a hundred and forty miles above Allahabad. This latter city stands at the confluence of the Ganges and Jumna. Like all rivers that overflow their banks, the Ganges holds in suspension a large admixture of mud and sand—elements eminently unfavorable to steam navigation, on account of the consequent wear and tear to all parts of the engine. It has been computed that on an average the river delivers into the sea 534,600,000 tons of solid matter annually.

Among the rivers which at the classical and the Purânic period of India were held in peculiar veneration by the nation, the Ganges undoubtedly occupies the foremost rank. It is believed to be of supernatural origin, having long been an object of solicitation by the pious beings of old, and finally granted by the god Siva in acknowledgment of the life-long prayer and penance of the monarch Bhagîratha. There are a hundred different legends connected with the Ganges in old Sanskrit poetry. It is invoked by any number of curious epithets, and the hymns addressed to it are full of the poetical imagery of the East. According to some of the old superstitions, the offenses of any man who bathed in the river were immediately expiated, and unusual virtue engendered. Those who offered sacrifices in the Ganges obtained whatever they desired either here or in heaven, and saints were purified from all evil by the touch of its waters.

A FEW WORDS TO FEEBLE AND DELICATE WOMEN.

By R. V. Pierce, M.D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., Author of "The People's Common-Sense Medical Adviser," etc.

Knowing that you are subject to a great amount of suffering, that delicacy on your part has a strong tendency to prolong it, and the longer it is neglected the more you have to endure and the more difficult of cure your case becomes, I, as a physician, who am daily consulted by scores of your sex, desire to say to you, that I am constantly meeting with those who have been treated for their ailments for months without being benefited in the least, until they have become perfectly discouraged and have almost made up their mind never to take another dose of medicine, or be tortured by any further treatment. They had rather die and have their sufferings ended than to live and suffer as they have. They say they are worn out by suffering, and are only made worse by treatment. Of any thing more discouraging we certainly can not conceive, and were there no more successful mode of treating such difficulties than that, the principles of which teach the reducing and depleting of the vital forces of the system, when the indications dictate a treatment directly the reverse of the one adopted for them, their case would be deplorable indeed. But, lady sufferers, there is a better and far more successful plan of treatment for you; one more in harmony with the laws and requirements of your system. A harsh, irritating caustic treatment and strong medicines will never cure you. If you would use rational means, such as common-sense should dictate to every intelligent lady, take such medicines as embody the very best invigorating tonics and nervines, compounded with special reference to your delicate system. Such a happy combination you will find in my Favorite Prescription, which has received the highest praise from thousands of your sex. Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet or ascend a flight of stairs; that continual drain that is sapping from your system all your former elasticity, and driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces that renders you irritable and fretful, may all be overcome and subdued by a persevering use of that marvelous remedy. Irregularities and obstructions to the proper working of your system are relieved by this mild and safe means, while periodical pains, the existence of which is a sure indication of serious disease that should not be neglected, readily yield to it, and if its use be kept up for a reasonable length of time, the special cause of these pains is permanently removed. Further light on these subjects may be obtained from "The People's Common-Sense Medical Adviser," in which I have devoted a large space to the consideration of all forms of diseases peculiar to your sex. This work will be sent (postpaid) to any address on receipt of $1 50. My Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists.—[*Com.*]

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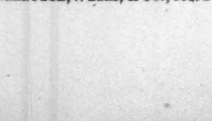

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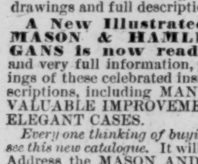

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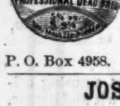

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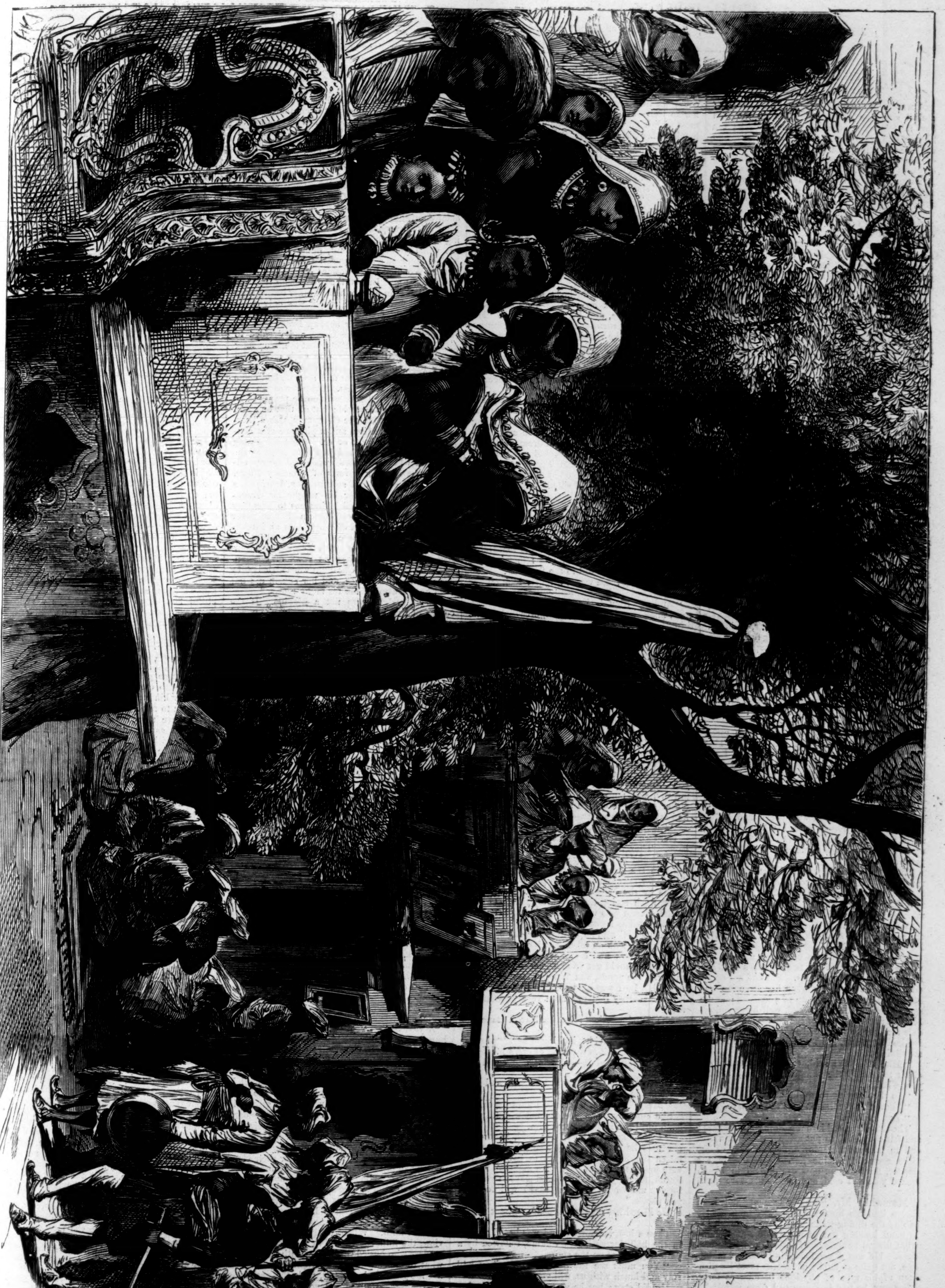

WAITING FOR THE SHAH-ZADAH (PRINCE OF WALES).—A SKETCH AT LUSHKUR, INDIA.—[SEE PAGE 320.]

LADY SILVERDALE'S SWEETHEART.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

FIVE-AND-THIRTY.

A BRIGHT, mild, and genial day in February; a frail sunshine glimmering through the thin blue mist hanging about St. James's Park; the light catching here and there on the lake, and the green shrubs, and the yellow piebald bark of the plane-trees—suggesting, altogether, one of Corot's tender, shadowy, spectral landscapes. A lady and her son were walking briskly along the Mall—it was a day that invited even the aged and infirm out-of-doors. This lady wore a tight-fitting gray Ulster coat, a Rubens hat, and a standing-up collar; but although there was enough that was "mannish" in her attire, there was nothing of the kind in the expression of her face, which was singularly refined, and even beautiful. She had pale, fine features; large gray eyes, full of brilliancy, under dark lashes; she had beautifully cut lips, perhaps looking all the redder for the paleness of her face; and she had abundant masses of golden hair, tightly braided under that picturesque hat. This was Lady Silverdale. She was thirty-five years of age: with her slender figure, her erect carriage, and the bright cheerfulness of her face, she did not look more than twenty.

She was walking hand in hand with a small boy of eight or nine, who had eyes like her own, but whose hair, flowing down on his shoulders, was even lighter than hers. She was carrying a small parcel which she had purchased in St. James's Street.

"Harry," she said to him, as they got opposite Buckingham Palace, "do you remember your uncle Frank?"

"A little, mamma."

"He is coming back to England now. And he will come and see you; and you must tell him how glad you are to have your dear uncle back again."

"I am not glad, mamma; and I hope he won't come and see us," said the young gentleman, frankly.

"Why?"

"Because he is a bad man, that wants to kill the queen, and give our house and my pony and all that we have away to the beggars."

The mother looked amazed.

"Whoever put such nonsense into your head, child?" she demanded.

"Maudey read it in the newspapers," said he.

"Maudey must have been making fun. Maudey has no business to read the newspapers, and talk about what she does not understand. I suppose she was giving you lessons in politics. Now mind, Harry, when your uncle Frank comes to see you, you must be very kind to him, and love him very much, and you must forget all that silly nonsense that Maudey has put into your head."

Harry received these instructions with meek obedience; but he was not convinced. This Uncle Frank—who was really a cousin of Lady Silverdale's, but had received a courtesy title from the children—had been away from England for something like two years and a half; and Harry had no particular remembrance of his many acts of kindness. On the other hand, the loyal young Englishman was determined, before he quite made friends with his home-coming uncle, to receive a distinct assurance that he had never meant to kill the queen or confiscate any person's pony.

These two walked carelessly on until they reached a house on the south side of Belgrave Square, which they entered. A couple of letters, just arrived, were still lying on the hall table; and Lady Silverdale took them up and turned into the dining-room that she might read them. But this spacious and lofty room, with its simple and old-fashioned furniture, was not very well lighted in the daytime; and so she walked up to one of the two windows that she might see to read her letters. She had not opened one of the envelopes when her attention was distracted by the driving up of a hansom; at the same moment she saw a tall, well-built, yellow-bearded man jump out of the cab. Lady Silverdale thought no more of her letters. She heard the bell ring, and, swift as lightning, she flew to the dining-room door.

"Mitchem," she said, to the man who was about to answer the summons, "where are the young ladies?"

"In the drawing-room, m' lady."

"Show this gentleman into the library."

"Yes, m' lady."

Then she retreated into the dining-room again; and felt compelled to put aside her Ulster there, and to take off her gloves, for the heat of the place seemed to stifle her. Nevertheless, the slender, fair woman, now dressed all in black, looked pale and cold, and her hands were trembling.

Meanwhile Mr. Frank Cheshunt had been shown into the library, which was immediately behind the dining-room, and there he stood, hat in hand, looking out of the window at a somewhat dismal panorama of stables and back gardens. He was a good-looking man of middle age, not quite so flabby of face as most Englishmen of his type of physique become at forty. Moreover, he had just returned from wandering over the wild places of the earth for over a couple of years, and his ordinarily fair complexion was plentifully browned.

He turned as the door opened, and advanced to meet his cousin. She looked a little frightened, and there was less than usual of that sparkling color in her lips; but all the same he could not help being struck—even he who knew her so well—by the singularly youthful and almost girlish grace of this woman. They shook hands rather distantly.

"I am glad to see you are quite well, Mary," said he, affecting a business-like air. "I was afraid you might be down at Woodley. Did you get my letter?"

"Yes," she said; but she did not look him in the face. "Sit down, Frank. Oh yes, I got your letter. I suppose you have just arrived?"

"Last night. I left Venice a day earlier than I had intended."

"You have been a long time away."

"Yes, it seems a long time to me now," said he, taking care not to stare her out of countenance. I—I got the news in Japan—I—I was very sorry for you, Mary."

Then the pale face flushed; and she somewhat nervously took up a paper-knife that was lying on the table, and began to bend it. He was sorry he had mentioned that painful circumstance so soon; he should have waited until the first chill of the meeting had gone off. He noticed her embarrassment, and endeavored to retrieve his blunder by shifting the subject altogether, and by talking in a light and cheerful strain.

"Do you know," said he, "that during the whole of the four months I was in South America, and more particularly when we were going up the Amazon, I was haunted by an extraordinary delusion—a fancy—a sort of dream. Whenever I lay awake at night, I could not help believing that somehow, when I got up in the morning, I should see Woodley Place right opposite my window; and I should not have been surprised if I had suddenly found myself again fifteen or eighteen years of age. All these later years of my London life seemed to have gone—to have been worth nothing at all; and I had a sort of notion that I ought to go out and ask old Higgins for his gun to shoot the blackbirds in the kitchen-garden. Do you remember the awful damage I once did to the fig-trees?"

She smiled; there was a brighter look on her face now.

"And the time I shot one of Higgins's pigeons, mistaking it for a jay in the twilight?" he said.

"Oh yes," she answered, quickly.

"And the first time your father would let me have a turn at his rabbits—"

"When you lay three hours in a sheep-trough—"

"And the time you fell into the pond—"

"That was all your fault, Frank."

"And then that dell up by Coney-Bank, where there were such quantities of bluebells and primroses in the spring—"

"Yes," she said, with gathering spirit, "and the dread we had of it after night-fall, because of the packman—"

"And do you remember that squirrel I gave you—that bit one of the servants one night at prayers, and made him squeal out—and your father getting into such a rage, and declaring I had set him at the man—"

"I believe you did, Frank."

Her face was radiant. The old days had come back. They were boy and girl together; making mischief in the dairy; sitting opposite each other in the great, damp-smelling family pew; fishing for sticklebacks in the ponds; gathering violets by the hedges and in the woods in the sweet, fresh spring-time. Surely this could not be the woman who was mother of two daughters about as tall as herself?

"Ah, well!" said he, with something of a sigh, "I began to look on all that as having happened only yesterday; and I was sure when the morning came I should get up and look out on the old park and the ponds, and Woodley Church up on the hill. I—I was glad to forget the intervening years—they had not been very pleasant for me."

She remained silent; but her breath came and went more quickly.

"I wonder," said he, looking at her, "whether one could get quit of a period of one's life by refusing to think of it—whether one could forget—"

He rose, and went forward to her, and took her hand in his.

"Mary," said he, "is it too soon to speak?"

She rose also, and she did not withdraw her hand until she had answered him.

"I don't know, Frank," she said, in tones so low that he could scarcely hear; but then she raised her beautiful wet eyes to his, and said, with evident emotion, "If I can make up to you, Frank, for all you have suffered—and if you will forgive me for all that is past—I will do what you please."

He kissed her on the forehead, without speaking.

Then a low, booming sound was heard outside in the hall, increasing in volume, followed by a pattering of feet on the stairs.

"You must see the girls, Frank. You will stay and lunch with us, will you not?"

He did stay; but he was rather silent during lunch-time; for he was occupied in studying the faces of the two young ladies and their brother—though he had known them for years—in order to prove to himself that all three were singularly like their mother, and had, in fact, no trace of resemblance to any body else in their features, voice, or manner.

CHAPTER II.

AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

EVERY body "in society"—and the much larger number of people outside who take a strange interest in the family affairs of persons of title—knew familiarly the romantic story connected with Mary Cheshunt, subsequently Lady Silverdale. It was a very old story, to be sure, and a very common one; but it contained those simple elements of romance which have gone to the making up of many thousands of books and plays. Mary Cheshunt was the only daughter of a well-to-do Nottinghamshire squire, whose younger and much poorer brother was a rector just over the borders in Lincolnshire. This clergyman had a son, Frank Cheshunt, who, as a boy, spent a great part of his holidays at Woodley Place, the house of his uncle, and had for his chief companion and playmate his cousin Mary. That was all very well in the days of bird's-nesting and pony-riding; but it became very different when young Cheshunt, home from Cambridge, betrayed a high appreciation of something else at Woodley Place besides his uncle's hares and pheasants. In fact, the two cousins fell over head and ears in love with each other before they themselves found it out; and it was only when John Cheshunt, consulting with his wife, came to the conclusion that their nephew Frank was too frequent a visitor at the Place, and decided to give him a hint to that effect, that the two young people declared themselves to each other, and swore that nothing on earth should part them. However, John Cheshunt and his wife had come to a contrary resolution. Frank was an exceedingly nice young fellow, and he promised to make his way in the world; but all that he could have from his father, the clergyman, was a thoroughly good education, and a pittance of a couple of hundred a year or so. Then the young Lord Silverdale, who had just succeeded to the title, and whose spacious woods and forests adjoined the humbler coverts of Woodley Place, had, in his silent and solemn way, betrayed a considerable regard for his neighbor's daughter, and always accepted invitations to Woodley Place, though it was well known that he never visited, and considered dinner parties an intolerable nuisance. All these things led up to a climax. Then there was much weeping, and passionate imploring, and secret vows of constancy; after which Mary Cheshunt was carried off by her parents to Florence, and her cousin did not even hear a word of her for many a day.

Mary Cheshunt was not a heroine. If the course of true love had run smoothly, she would doubtless have married her cousin, and made him a good wife. But this was impossible; she could not think of disobeying her father and making her mother wretched. Silverdale, with all his silent solemnity, and his premature baldness, which looked odd in a man of eight-and-twenty, was a highly worthy and respectable young fellow; and it would be nice to have a town-house in Belgrave Square. When the Cheshunts, having remained some months in Florence, started for the Nile, Lord Silverdale accompanied them; and the next thing that Frank Cheshunt saw or heard of them was a statement in a morning paper that a marriage had been "arranged" between his rival and his faithless cousin.

Of course he flew into a series of violent frenzies; at one time vowing to himself that he would go and shoot the man who had stolen his sweetheart's love from him; at another declaring ruthless war with the perjured aristocracies of all countries; at another resolving to write a book that would hold the mirror up to heartless women and cause them to blush—if any shame were left in them—at the picture of their own meanness and cruelty and corruption. Happily for himself, he had his living to work for; and these wild schemes were unable to struggle against the immediate pressure of actual facts. He had come up to London from Cambridge with a fair reputation for ability, and he was busily reading for the bar—not with a view to practice, but that he might be qualified to accept from the government one of those appointments which the Cheshunts of Woodley had a fair right to claim as the reward of many years' devotion to the Conservative interests of the country. So he turned with a sick heart to his books again, and tried to forget his false love.

A year or two went by. The newspapers told him that Lady Silverdale was here, there, or elsewhere; but he had never seen her. The newspapers, too, were beginning to talk about him—occasionally and briefly. He had got called to the bar; but he had suddenly forfeited all his chances of political patronage from the party then in power by joining an informal association of what were at the time known as "Aristocratic Radicals," and becoming one of their most vehement speakers and pamphleteers. Some of those young noblemen and gentlemen had a mild way of toying with revolution over their claret, and spoke of barricades in the same breath with blue china; while having been compelled by the higher criticism to give up revealed religion, they had consoled themselves with a gentle deification of the British workman. But there was no *dilettante* mildness about Frank Cheshunt's professions of faith. When, in the pages of some review, the initials "F. C." were discovered, most readers who busied themselves with politics knew what to expect—keen and trenchant English—a trifle rhetorical, perhaps, with the enthusiasm of youth; a frank insistence on following out theories to their logical conclusion; and an indignant protest against the political apathy of the English people. It was no use laughing at this man. He had to be answered; and he was strong enough to make people angry. His enemies, on the other hand, were rejoiced to see that he could not get into Parliament, though he tried one or two boroughs where his friends declared he was safe. He had no money; and the somewhat noisy crowds whom he harangued at public meetings appeared to have no votes. At all events, he cut a poor figure at the poll; and the scorners had their will of him. "In my distress I called upon the working-man"—this was the substance of their gibes, "but there was none to answer me."

In the intervals of this busy, eager, active life he had his fits of despairing Wertherism, kept carefully sacred to himself. Those men who met him every day had no idea of the well-spring of sentiment that kept bubbling up within the heart of this hard-hitting, keen-speeched man; but all the women, of course, knew how he had been jilted, and judged by his conduct in society that he never meant to marry. Sometimes, sitting alone by himself at night, he would go back to the old days, dream for a while, and then seek refuge in Alfred de Musset or Heinrich Heine. Grief seemed more bearable when it was put into musical words. And if there was a terrible agony in Heine's picture,

> "Das war ein lustig Hochzeitfest,
> Zu Tafel sassen froh die Gäst'
> Und wie ich nach dem Brautpaar schaut,
> O weh! mein Liebchen war die Braut,"

there was some proud remembrance in these lines of De Musset's:

> "Je me dis seulement, 'A cette heure, en ce lieu,
> Un jour, je fus aimé, elle était belle.
> J'enfouis ce trésor dans mon âme immortelle,
> Et je l'emporte à Dieu!'"

while sometimes—but very rarely—some wild, hopeless, passionate wish of his heart startled even himself:

> "Oh that 'twere possible,
> After long grief and pain,
> To find the arms of my true-love
> Round me once again!"

He never doubted for a moment that Mary Cheshunt was still Mary Cheshunt—that the grown woman must have been the perfect fulfillment of all his boyish dreams. She was still to him the one woman in all the world. There was no other; there could be no other. A blue-book was about as interesting to him as the face of the women whom he saw.

He met her—by accident. He was at the foot of a steep and narrow staircase, and he was trying to make his way up through a crowd of men and women in order to shake hands with his hostess, and then get off to his club. At length he managed to gain the landing; and there before him—looking at him with rather a frightened, pitiful face—was his cousin. The wrench his heart got then was known to none. She might have been an acquaintance of yesterday to whom he said,

"Oh, how do you do, Lady Silverdale?"

He did not offer her his hand; but she put out hers.

"I am so glad to see you, Frank," said she, with superb composure, but with a wistful entreaty for kindness in her eyes. "Let me introduce you to my husband—"

"I have met Lord Silverdale before," said Cheshunt, as the silent man with the black hair speckled with white tufts bowed.

She made him promise to call and see them; and this he did, for he began to grow ashamed of his Wertherism, and thought he could do nothing better than make the friendly acquaintance of the Silverdale family, children included. But it was only an acquaintance, kept up perforce. He knew very little of Lady Silverdale. He could see that she was a fashionable woman, and had ways and manners different from those to which Mary Cheshunt was given; but she was still to him Mary Cheshunt.

His attention, however, was carried away from these sentimental fancies to more practical matters. There was a man called Alexander Thompson, to whom a kind Providence had given a constitution capable of withstanding the climate of the Gold Coast—a fact which promised well for his comfort any where else, whether in this world or the next. Thompson was one of a small handful of merchants for whose exclusive benefit the British Government maintained one of the most unhealthy settlements on that unhealthy coast—sending out its servants, civil and military, to be buried there, or invalided home with the seeds of fever and dysentery ineradicably implanted in their systems. The place was of no manner of use to us; the settlement, notwithstanding the exertions of the Wesleyan missionaries, had most thoroughly demoralized the adjoining tribes; it was hopelessly insolvent, and its chief export to England was sick officials demanding pensions. But it had plenty of exports for other parts of the world; and the handful of merchants waxed fat on their profits.

When Mr. Alexander Thompson returned to England, one might have thought he would be grateful for what the government had done for him. Most Scotchmen, it is true, are born Radicals, the national constitution not having as yet been mellowed by a few centuries of roast beef and port-wine. But then it is as fairly to be supposed that Thompson, having made a large sum of money, would, on returning to England, prefer the respectability of Toryism; or, at the very least, profess himself a reformer until he had gained entrance into the most comfortable club in London, and then have sunk into the gentle conservatism which is the prevailing political feeling within that institution. Strange to say, Thompson showed himself as fierce an opponent of all governments as any Irishman who has been six months in New York. Nothing but rank Communism would do for him—theoretical Communism, that is to say; for, of course, a man who had worked hard for a fortune

could not be expected to share it among the poor. He bought for himself a big house in Palace Gardens; he had it luxuriously furnished; and he gave elaborate dinners to those young men—mostly younger sons, it is true—who were vastly discontented with existing institutions. He acquired a pretty taste of his own, too, in the way of luxury. A lady once asked him where he got a certain very beautiful service of dinner glass, as she was anxious to have some of the same; to which he replied that, wishing to have this service unique, he had had the moulds broken. The theory of Communism, one sees, has its limitations in practice.

Now Mr. Thompson betrayed a very special liking for Frank Cheshunt. More than one of the revolutionary honorables who frequented the house had rather a trick of standing with their back to the fire after dinner and silently staring through a single eyeglass; whereas Mr. Thompson had a particular dislike to being stared at through a single eyeglass. Frank Cheshunt he found to be a plain-spoken, thorough, and altogether earnest fellow; and at last he swore by all the gods that had ever been worshiped on the Gold Coast or elsewhere that he would get Cheshunt into Parliament, if money would do it. We know quite well that money can not. Mr. Thompson had doubtless formed a commercial view of English public life while supplying the Africans with fierce spirit and sham cotton fabrics. Sure enough, however, Frank Cheshunt got into Parliament.

To sit below the gangway on the Liberal side of the House was at that time to be identified with the pulling down of park railings and other wicked actions; and there was a good deal of strong language being used here and there. When Cheshunt by accident stumbled into one or other of these journalistic controversies, he generally managed to give as hard knocks as he got; but this only proved him to be all the more a dangerous person. It was no matter for wonder, therefore, that Lady Silverdale's eldest daughter, puzzling her small head over stray references in the newspapers, had arrived at the conclusion that her uncle Frank was a desperate character, who wished to kill the queen and confiscate every body's property. A great many folks in society, however—and these mostly of the gentler sex—took a more kindly view of the young man's Radicalism. It was all, according to them, the result of his having been thrown over for wealth and a title; and although they did not blame Lady Silverdale severely for having followed her parents' wishes, they considered his remaining unmarried as rather a touching spectacle—the spectacle of the traditional jilted but faithful lover.

To wind up this hurried sketch of the history of these two people previous to their meeting formerly described, it only remains to be added that two important events happened in Frank Cheshunt's life within the same year. Mr. Thompson died, leaving him a very considerable fortune, and he lost his seat in Parliament. He then took it into his head that he would travel; and it was in Japan that he learned from a newspaper which had been sent him that his old sweetheart had become a widow. He did not go post-haste back to England. He waited until two years of her widowhood had expired; and then, as we have seen, he drove up to her house in Belgrave Square in an ordinary and prosaic hansom.

CHAPTER III.

RÉCHAUFFÉE D'AMOUR.

VERY speedily all the world got to know, or to guess, that Lady Silverdale was about to marry her cousin — her sweetheart of former days; and it was considered that now their romantic story had reached its proper end. But however little romanticism remained in the heart of Frank Cheshunt—who was now a tall, robust, yellow-bearded Englishman of eight-and-thirty years of age, who had seen a good deal of the world and had his share of interest in public life—he did not at all look at the matter in that light. He determined that, so far as he was able, the long interval which had separated him from his love of early days should be a blank. They should both ignore that hapless time and all its associations. They were to start a new life together, and forget the past. He was ready even to give up England for her sake, if she for his sake would do as much; and then they might go away to some distant home, by the side of a blue lake, and there, content with each other's society, learn to think no more of the time during which they had been separated than if it had been a dream. It is, perhaps, needless to point out that these vague aspirations were but the incipient signs of retrospective jealousy—one of the most perilous of the passions.

To his surprise and regret, he found that his beautiful sweetheart was far less imaginative and romantic than himself. She did not at all care about being married at once and leaving England just as the London season was about to begin. But she did not precisely tell him that she preferred another London season to the early enjoyment of his society by the side of that far blue lake. She represented that any undue haste on their part would shock their friends. Then there was a great deal to be done about sending Maudey and her sister to a school at Dresden. Finally, it was necessary to guard against any disrespect to the dead—and here, of course, Frank Cheshunt at once, and in awkward silence, gave in. After all, he loved his cousin; and he was sure that her tender heart would tell her what was right.

But he grew—during these few months of waiting—to hate the circle of friends and acquaintances in which she moved. They conspired, with great kindness, to bring these two together; but then they continually talked of matters relating to that long period which he had resolved to ignore; appearing to be far better acquainted with Lady Silverdale than himself. They led his cousin, too, into all sorts of fashionable foibles, and dragged her about, and induced her to talk frivolity just like themselves. If he had not known Mary Cheshunt, he would have said that Lady Silverdale was an ordinary, empty-headed woman of fashion, who was exceedingly pretty, and dressed well when her dress did not happen to be a trifle too pronounced. He was sure, indeed, that this was not the proper atmosphere for his beautiful bride elect. Mary Cheshunt had never been a popinjay. When should he be able to carry her off to those calm and peaceful solitudes where the heart could speak freely without risk of being ashamed?

He was all the more ready to make this sacrifice on his own side—if it could be considered a sacrifice—from the fact that he had but recently returned from two years' residence abroad; and he had not had time to resume much interest in English public affairs. In fact, there was little doing at the time. The leader of one political party had gone off in high dudgeon to fell trees and write for magazines, leaving his followers somewhat bewildered; the leader of the other party, finding his opponents without a policy, and himself therefore unable to appropriate it, was quite content to wait. Certain outsiders, it is true, were anxious to put into the pauperized peasant's hand something he could give in exchange for the blankets, port-wine, and Christmas puddings received from the squire's wife and the parson—that *quid pro quo* being a vote; and the squire and the parson were not much alarmed by this proposal, for they knew very well how they could use that vote against a party which was supposed to be directing a baleful eye on the National Church. Neither the lowering of the county franchise, however, nor disestablishment was near enough to awaken much interest; and Frank Cheshunt found his afternoons at the Reform Club chiefly taken up with playing whist. He could have left England at that time with little regret.

As it was, he consoled himself with the hope that when once he had got his sweetheart clear away from all old associations, he would make her life so happy that she would be well disposed to remain wherever he pleased; and in the mean time a great deal had to be done to make this plan possible. Happily, Lady Silverdale had already, before seeing him, resolved to send her two daughters to Dresden; but it required an infinite amount of argument and persuasion to convince her that the young Lord Silverdale ought to be sent to live with Frank Cheshunt's father, the old clergyman having kindly undertaken to coach the boy for Eton. At last she did consent; and another obstacle was then removed. But what did she mean by never speaking of the neighborhood in which they were to live when they returned from their wedding tour? Did she suppose for a moment that he, Frank Cheshunt, was coming back to live in that house in Belgrave Square, or even at Woodley Manor? His face burned at the very thought of it. But, whatever she may have thought—or forgotten—he was happily absolved from the necessity of taking and furnishing a house, which would have been a desperate incumbrance in the event of his persuading her to remain with him at Ouchy.

At length the time drew near when they were to be married, and it was necessary to make arrangements for their wedding trip. It was at this point they had their first quarrel—or something approaching a quarrel—for Lady Silverdale insisted on taking her maid, an old servant of the Silverdale family, with her. Cheshunt, with great gentleness and affection, remonstrated; then, finding that she persisted, grew indignantly angry.

"How could I travel without her, Frank?" her ladyship pleaded. "I have never traveled without her—"

"Gracious heavens!" he said, "how do other women travel without a maid, then?"

"I should lose all my things—"

"Can not I look after your luggage?"

"DO YOU WISH, FRANK, THAT YOU HAD NEVER MARRIED ME?"

"She knows every thing, and she has been every where with us—"

"Not with *us*," said he, with bitter sarcasm; driven to speak of a subject which he ordinarily avoided as if it were poison. "You forget, Mary. I have not the pleasure of the woman's acquaintance. I should consider her a nuisance—an impertinent intrusion. Why, on a man's wedding trip, to be haunted by some old fool of a woman—"

Lady Silverdale rose.

"I am sorry to hear you use such language, Frank. Holmes is a most respectable person, and she has always been treated with the greatest consideration by my husband's family."

He was rather a hot-tempered man.

"When I asked you to marry me, Mary," said he, "I did not undertake to marry your late husband's family, and his man-servants, and his maid-servants, and the confounded number of asses within his gates. So you had better consider the matter."

He took his leave; and she, cold and silent and proud, merely bowed to him as he went out. He went up to the club, read an evening paper, yet saw nothing on the page before him; played a rubber at whist, and made two revokes, which called down on his head a fair amount of bad language. Then he dressed and dined by himself—choosing a small table so that no one should be able to sit down with him. He was to have met Lady Silverdale at a party that evening, and he was resolved not to go near the place; but if he was not going, why had he taken the trouble to dress?

Lovers of eight-and-thirty and five-and-thirty have happily more common-sense than younger persons; and this quarrel was easily made up. Lady Silverdale was pacified by a most ample apology for his unjustifiable rudeness; and she, on the other hand, agreed to give up the invaluable Holmes. Yet she could not understand why her cousin had betrayed such a dislike to Holmes. Nor could she understand why, when she had to go down to Woodley Manor, he would not come and see her, though his own father was coming over to carry off the youthful heir. The plain fact was that she did not perceive how anxious he was to consider that long period of separation as never having existed; while she was continually harping on what she did this year or the other year, and what Lord Silverdale had said on this or the other occasion. But Frank Cheshunt forgave much to his beautiful cousin; knowing that he would soon have ample time to explain to her all his views about their coming life together, when, perhaps, she too would resolve to forget.

CHAPTER IV.

REVELATIONS.

"Oh that 'twere possible,
After long grief and pain,
To find the arms of my true-love
Round me once again!"

THIS had been the secret yearning cry of Frank Cheshunt, as it has been the cry of thousands on thousands of other people who, even in married life sometimes, have been visited by moments of sentimental regret, when they believed that their life might have been other than it is. Very well, then. He had his wish. When every body heard of Lady Silverdale and her old lover having gone off on their wedding trip, it was universally conceded that poetic justice had been awarded, and the romance happily and fitly come to an end. He took her down to Dover—to a hotel where the Mumm's "extra dry" is very good and the drainage very bad. Anxious as he was to leave England and all its associations behind, he nevertheless gladly consented to stay in Dover for two or three days, for the sea was not quite a mill-pond, and Lady Silverdale had a horror of a rough passage. When he pointed out to her that there was not a white line on the sea, and not a breath of wind any where, and yet found her unwilling to cross, he generously yielded to her timid fears. But when he found that, by waiting, she had managed to receive a budget of letters from Woodley Manor, and was disposed to seek his advice about certain propositions of her land steward, he put on his hat and walked out, and for about three-quarters of an hour smoked a cigar on the pier.

"I hope," said he, when he returned, "that you don't mean to have letters dogging your footsteps all over the Continent?"

"My dear Frank," said she, looking up in perfect innocence, "we are not going into banishment, are we?"

But, after all, he had to be considerate toward this beautiful bride of his, if she should not understand all his imaginative purposes and wishes all at once. And now he found her ready to cross the Channel at any moment. That night the water was smooth as glass; there was scarcely a ripple in the harbor to break the reflection of the stars. They got their things on board, and remained on deck during the whole of the passage. When they reached Calais pier, he had, of course, all the bother of looking after rugs and hand-bags and so forth, of which she had a considerable stock; and when they had got up and into Calais station, he proposed they should have a basin of soup, or some such thing, before getting to sleep in the carriage that was to take them on to Brussels. But all her anxiety was to send a telegram to Maudey, at Dresden, announcing the safe voyage across the Channel. He did not see the fun of blundering about this gloomy station in the middle of the night.

"You telegraphed to her yesterday," said he, rather impatiently. "What on earth is the good of telegraphing now?"

"I am sure the dear child will be so anxious until she knows I am safely over."

"I hope the dear child is in bed," said he.

"She would get the telegram the first thing in the morning," his wife responded, and then she added, regretfully, "If Holmes had been with us, I could have sent her at once; she was very clever at doing these little things for me."

"Shall I put the telegram in French or English?" said he, abruptly; and then he stalked off to send that message to the "Honble. Maud Calesthorpe, Pension Grimm, Nudelsuppe-strasse, No. 49, Dresden."

They spent a day in Brussels, or rather in the Rue Montagne de la Cour, for Lady Silverdale greatly admired the shops, particularly the lace shops, in that thoroughfare; and she said she liked to hear her own tongue spoken by the people about her who were staring in at the windows. He bought some trifles for her; she bought some presents for Maudey, Ernestine, and Harry.

Now on his recent return from distant lands Cheshunt had come home by way of the Rhine; and at Cologne had stumbled across a hotel which has a very pretty balcony, or "belvedere," right at the top of it, from which one has a commanding view of the Rhine, and of the distant country around the Drachenfels. He had often imagined to himself, if only his old sweetheart would now consent to marry him, the pleasure he would have in leading her up to this lofty balcony, and showing her the broad and flowing river and the distant ramparts that guard the entrance to the